

THE
HYMNES AND
SONGS OF THE
CHURCH.

Divided into two Parts.

The first Part comprehends the Canonickall Hymnes, and such parcels of Holy Scripture, as may properly be sung:
With some other ancient Songs
and Creeds.

The second Part consists of Spirituall Songs, appropriated to the severall Times and Occasions, observable in the Church of England.

Translated, and Composed

By

G. W.

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FINIS.



THE FIRST PART

of the HYMNS and SONGS

of the CHURCH.

The first Song of Moses. *Exod. 15.*

SONG. I.

NOW shall the praises
of the LORD be sung,
For He a most renowned
Triumph won:
Both Horse and Man
into the Sea He flung,

And them together
there hath overthrowne.
The LORD is He,
whose strength doth make me strong;
And He is my Saluation,
and my Song:
My GOD, for whom I will
a House prepare;
My Fathers GOD,
whose praise I will declare.

2
VVell knowes the LORD,
to warre what doth pertaine:
The LORD *Almighty*,
is His glorious Name:
He *Pharaohs* Chariots,
and his Armed Train,
Amid the Sea
o'rewhelming, overcame:
Those of his Armie,
that were most renown'd,
He hath together
in the *Red-Sea* drown'd,
The Deepes, a covering
ouer them were throwne,
And to the bottome
sunke they like a stone.

3
LORD, by Thy powre
Thy *Right-hand* famous growes:
Thy *Right-hand*, LORD
Thy Fee destroyed hath

Thy *Ghrist*, Thy Opposers
ouerthrowes;
And stubble-like,
consumes them in Thy wrath:
A blast but from Thy Nostrils
forth did goe,
And vp together
did the Waters flow;
Yea, rowled vp on haupes;
the liquid Flood
Amid the Sea,
as if congealed, stood.

4
I will pursue them
(their *Pursuer* cryd)
I will o'retake them,
and the spoyle enioy.
My lust vpon them
shall be satisf'd:
VVith Sword vnsheath'd
My Hand shall them destroy.
Then from Thy breach
a gale of wind was sent;
The billowes of the Sea
quite o're them went:
And they the *mighty waters*
suncke into,
Eu'n as a weightie peece
of Lead will doe.

5
LORD, who like Thee
among the GODS is there!
In Holinesse so glorious
who may bee!
VVhose prayes
so exceeding dreadfull are!
In doing wonders
who can equall Thee!

A 3

Thy

Thy glorious Right hand
Thou on high didst reare,
And in the earth
they quickly swallow'd were.
But Thou in mercie
on-ward hast comma'nd
Thy People, whose redemption
Thou hast pay'd.

Then by Thy strength
Thou hast bene pleas'd to beare
Vnto a holy Dwelling-place
of Thine:
The Nations
at report thereof shall feare,
And grieues shall they
that dwell in *Parthia*.
On *Adams* Princes
shall amazement fall:
The mightie men of *Mosab*
tremble shall:
And such as in the Land
of *Canaan* dwell
Shall pine away,
of this when they heare tell.

They shall be ceas'd
with a dreadfull feare:
Stone-quiet Thy Right hand
shall make them bee,
Till pass'd ouer, LORD,
Thy People are:
Till those passe ouer,
that were bought by Thee.
For, Thou shalt make them
to Thy Hill repaire,
And plant them there (oh LORD)
where Thou art Heire:
Bu'n there, where Thou
Thy Dwelling hast prepar'd;
That Holy place
which Thine owne hands haue rear'd.

The LORD shall euer
and for euer raigne,
(His Soueraigntie
shall neuer haue an end)
For, when as *Pharaoh*
did into the *Red Sea*
With Chariots and with Horsemen
downe descend,
The LORD did backe againe
the Sea reuall,
And with those Waters
overwhelm'd them all.
But, through the verie immoist
of the same,
The Seed of *Israel*
safe and dry thod came,

The second Song of *Moses*.
Deut. 32.

SONG. II.

TO what I speake,
an eare ye *Heavens* lend,
And heare thou *Earth*
what words I vtter will.
Like drops of raine,
My Speeches shall descend,
And as the Dew,
My Doctrine shall distill.
Like to the smaller raine,
on tender Flowres;
And as vpon the grasse,
the greater showres.
For, I the LORD's great Name,
will publish now,
That so our GOD
may prayd be of you.

He is that *Rocke*, whose workes
perfection are:
For, all His wayes
with Iudgement guided bee.
A GOD of Truth,
from all wrong-doing cleare:
A truly Iust,
and righteous One is He:
Though they themselves defil'd,
vnlike His sons,
And are a crooked race
of froward ones.
Oh mad and foolish Nations!
why dost thou
Thy selfe vnto the LORD
so thanklesse shew?

Thy Father and Redeemer
is not Here:
Hath He not made,
and now confirm'd thee (say)
Oh! call to mind
the dayes that older be,
And weigh the yeeres
of many Ages past.
For, if thou aske thy Father,
hee will tell,
Thy Elders also,
can informe thee well,
How, He the (*High*)
did *Adams* Sons diuide,
And shares for eu'ie
Famillie prouide.

And how the Nations Bounds
Hee did prepare,
In number with
the Sons of *Israel*.

For in His *People*,
had the LORD His share;
And *Isaiah* for his part
allotted fell:
VWhom finding in a place
possest of none,
(A Desert vast,
untill'd and unknowne)
He taught them there,
He led them farre and nigh,
And kept them
as the Apple of His eye.

Eu'n as an *Eagle*,
to prouoke her young,
About her Nest
doth houer here and there,
Spread forth her wings,
to traine her Birds along,
And sometime on her backe
her younglings beares:
Right so, the LORD,
conducted them alone,
VWhen for His aide,
Strange-gods with Him was none.
Them, on the High-Lands
of the earth He set,
VWhere they the plenties
of the Field might eat.

For them, He made the Rocks
with Honey flow:
He drayned Oyle from stones,
and them did feed
VWith Milke of sheepe,
with Butter of the Cow,
VWith Goats, fat Lambs,
and Rams of *Ephraim* breed.
The finest of the Wheat,
He made their food;
And of the Grape,
they drunke the purest blood.
But herewithall,
vnthankfull *Israel*
So fat became,
he kicked with his heele.

Growne fat, and with
their grossenesse couer'd o're,
Their GOD, their Maker,
they did soone forsake;
Their Rocks of Health,
regarded was no more:
But with *strange-gods*,
Him ielous they did make.
To moue His wrath,
they hatefull things desir'd,
To *Drinke* in His Road,
they sacrific'd,

To gods vnknowne,
that new inuenc'd were,
And such, as their Fore-fathers
did not feare.

They minded not the Rocks,
who them begat,
But quite forgot the God,
that form'd them hath.
VWhich when the LORD perceiue'd,
it made Him hate
His Sons and Daughters,
mouing Him to wrath.
To marke their end, said He,
I'll hide my Face:
For, they are faithlesse Sons,
of froward race.
My wrath, with what
is not a GOD, they moue;
And my displeasure
with their follies prone.

And I, by those
that are no *People*, yet,
Their wrathfull ielousie
will moue for this;
And by a foolish *Nation*
make them free.
For, in my wrath
a fire inflamed is;
And downe to Hell,
the earth consume it shall,
Eu'n to the Mountaines bottomes,
Fruit, and all.
In heapes, vpon them,
mischiefes will I throw;
And shoot mine Arrows,
till I haue no more.

VWith hunger parched,
and consum'd with heat,
I will enforce them
to a bitter end.
The Teeth of Beasts
vpon them will I set;
And will the poy'snous
dust-fed Serpent lead.
The Sword without,
and feare within, shall slay
Maids, youngmen, habes,
and him whose Haire is gray.
Yes, I had vow'd
to spread them here and there,
Men might forget,
that such a *People* were.

But this, the *Foe*
compel'd me to delay,
Lest that their Aduersaries
(prouder growne)

should

Should (when they heard it)
thus presume to say:
This, not the LORD,
but our high Hand, hath done.
For, in this People
no discretion is:
Nor can their dulnesse
reach to iudge of this.
Oh had they wisdom
this to comprehend!
That so they might
bethinke them of their end.

12

How should one make
a thousand run away!
Or two men put
ten thousand to the feile;
Except their Rocks
had sold them for a pray,
And that the LORD
had clos'd them vp the while?
For, though our Foes
them (elues) the lodges were
Their God they cannot
with our GOD compare:
For, they haue Vines
like those that *Sadow* yelds,
And such as are
within *Gomorrah* fields.

13

They beare the Grapes
of Gall vpon their Vines
Extreamly bitter
are their Cloisters all.
Yea, made of *Dragons-worms*
is their Wine,
And of the cruell *Aspes*
infectious Gall.
And can this (euer)
be forgot of me!
Or not be sealed
where my Treasures be?
Sure, Mine is vengeance,
and I will repay:
Their Feet shall slide
at their appointed Day.

14

Their Time of ruine
neere at hand is come:
Those things that shall befall them,
haste will make.
For, then the LORD
shall giue His People doome:
And on His *Seruaunts*
kind-compassion take,
VVhen He perceiues
their strength bereft and gone;
And that in prison
they are left alone;

VVhere are their Gods become?
Hee then shall say,
Their Rocks, on whom
affiance they did lay.

15

VVho are the fatter
of their Sacrifice?
VVho of their Drinke oblations
dranke the Wine?
Let those vnto
their succour now arise,
And vnder their protection
them caltrise.
Behold, consider now,
that I am Hee:
And that there is
no other GOD with mee.
I kill, and make aliuie:
I wound, I cure:
And there is none
can from my Hand asse.

16

For, vp to Hea'n on high
my Hand I reare.
And (as I line for euer)
this I say,
VVhen I my shining Sword
to whet prepare,
And shall my Hand
to acting vengeance lay,
I will not cease
till I my Foes requite,
And am aueng'd
on all, that beare me spite:
But, in their blood,
which I shall make to flowe,
VVill Accepe mine Arrows,
till they dranken growe.

17

My Sword shall eate the flesh
and blood of those
VVho shall be either slaine
or brought in thrall,
VVhen I begin
this vengeance on my Foes.
Sing therefore, with His People,
Nations all.
For, Hee His *Seruaunts* blood
with blood will pay,
And due auengement
on His Foes will lay.
But, to His Land
compassion He will shew;
And on His People
mercie shall bestow.

The Song of Deb. & Barak. *Indg. 5*

SONG. III.

Sing prayles *Isrl* to the LORD,
That thee auenged fo;

VVhen

Song. III.

3

VWhen to the fight with free accord,
The People forth did goe.
You Kings give care,
You Prisoners heare,
VWhile to the LORD I raise
My voice aloud,
And sing to GOD,
(The LORD of *Israel*) praise.

VWhen thou departedst LORD, from *Seir*,
VWhen thou leftst *Edom* Field,
Earth shooke, the Heavens dropped there,
The Clouds did water yeeld.
LORD at thy sight
A trembling fright
Vpon the Mountaines fell:
Eu'ant Thy looks
Mount Sinai shooke,
LORD GOD of *Israel*.

Not long agoe in *Shamgar's* dayes,
Old *Anath's* valiant Son;
And late in *Iarph* time; the wayes
Frequented were of none:
The passengers
VWere wanderers;
In crooked paths ynknownes
And none durst dwell,
Through *Israel*,
But in a walled Towne,

Vtill *Deborah* arose
(VWho rose a Mother there)
In *Israel*, when new Gods they chose,
That filld their Gates with warre,
And they had there
Nor shield nor speare
In their possession then;
To Arme (for fight)
One *Israelite*
Mong fortie thousand men.

To those that *Israel's* Captaines are,
My Heart doch much encline;
To those, I meane, that willing were:
O LORD the praise be thine.
Sing yee, for this,
VVhose vs it is
To ride on Asses gray,
All yee, that yet
In *Middin* sit,
Or travell by the way.

The place where they their water drew,
From Archers now is cleare.
The LORDS vprightness they shall shew.
And His iust dealing there.
The *Hamlets* all,
Through *Israel* / holl
His righteousness records

And downe vnto
The Gates shall goe
The People of the LORD.

Arise oh *Deborah*, arise:
Rise, rise, and sing a Song.
Abimeam's Son, oh *Barak* rise
Thy Captives leade along.
Their Princes all,
By Him made thrall
To the Surrainor bee.
To triumph on
The *Mightie* One,
The LORD vouchsafed mee.

A rout, from out of *Ephraim*,
Gainst *Amalek* arose:
And (of the People) next to him,
The *Beniamites* were those.
From *Maaser* (where
Good Leaders are)
Came well experienc'd men;
And they came downe
From *Zabulon*,
That handle well the Pen.

Along with *Deborah* did goe
The Lords of *Issachar*,
VWith *Issachar*, eu'n *Barak* too,
VVas one among them there,
Hee forth was sent,
And marching went
On foot the Lower way.
For *Ruben* (where
Divisions were)
Right thought-full hearts had they.

The bleating of the flockes to heare,
Oh wherefore didst thou stay?
For *Reuben* (where divisions were)
Right thought-full hearts had they.
But, why did they
Of *Gilead* stay
On *Jordan's* other side?
And where'ore than
Didst thou, oh *Dan*,
VWithin thy Tents abide?

Among his Harbours, lurking by
The Seaside, *Ashtar* lay.
But *Zabulon*, and *Neftali*
Kept not themselves away.
They People are,
VWho fearelesse dare
Their liues to death expose;
And did not yeeld
The Hilly field
Though Kings did them oppose.

VWith them the *Cananites* Kings

At

Song. IIIII.

At *Yava's* fought that day,
Close by *Mysia's* Water-Springs;
Yet bore no Prize away.

For, *Joc*, the Barres
Fought in their Spheres:
Gainst *Sisera* fought they,
And some (by force)
The water-courſe
Of *Kiſhon*, swept away.

12
En'n *Kiſhon* River, which was long
A famous Torrent, knowe,
Oh Thou my Soule! oh Thou, the Strong,
Hast brauely troden downe,
Their Horſe (whoſe pace
So loſtie was)
Their Hooves with prancing wound;
Thoſe of the Strong,
That kicke and ſang,
And fiercely beat the ground.

14
A heemie curſe on *Meroz* lay:
Curſt be her Dwellers all.
The Angel of the LORD doth ſay,
That Citie curſe you ſhall.
And therefore this
Accuſing is:
They came not to the fight,
To helpe the LORD,
(To helpe the LORD)
Agaiſt the Men of might.

15
But, bleſt be *Iael*, *Heber's* Sponſe
The *Kenite*; bleſt be ſhe,
More then all women are, of thoſe
That uſe in Tents to bee.
To him did ſhee
Give milke, when hee
Did water onely with;
And butter ſet
For him to eat;
Vpon a lordly Diſh.

16
Shee, in her left Hand tookt a Nail,
And rais'd vp in the Right
A workmans Hammer, where-witall
Shee *Sisera* did ſmite.
His Head ſhee tooke,
Vvhen ſhee had ſtrooke
His pierced Temples through.
Hee fell withall;
And in the fall,
Nice at her Feet did bow.

17
Hee at her Feet did bow his Head;
Fell downe, and life forſooke.
Meane while his longing Maſter did,
From out her window looke:
Thus, crying at
The Lattice grate;

Vvhy ſayes his Chariot ſo
From haſting home?
Oh! wherefore come
His Chariot wheelcs ſo ſlow?

18
As thus ſhee ſpoke her *Ladies*-wiſe
To her an anſwere gaue:
Yea, to her ſelfe, her ſelfe replies;
Sure, ſpeak (ſaith ſhe) they haue:
And all this while
They part the ſpoile;
A *Damſell*, one or tway,
Each homeward bearet,
And *Sisera* ſhares
A partie-coloured Pray.

19
Of Needle-work, both ſides of it
In diuers colours are;
And ſuch, it is, as doth beſit
The *Spoyle's* Necke to weare.
So LORD, ſtill ſo,
Thy Foes o're throwe
But, who in Thee delight,
Oh! let them bee
Sun-like, when Hee
Aſcendeth in His might.

The Song of Hannah. 1. Sam. 2. 1. SONG. IIIII.

NOW in the LORD
my Heart doth pleaſure take:
My Home is in the LORD
aduauced high.
And to my Foes
an anſwer I will make,
Becauſe in His Salvation
Ioy'd am I.
Like Him there is not
any *Holy One*:
And other Lord beſide Him,
there is none.

2
Nor like our GOD,
another God is there.
So proudly vaunt not theſe,
as heretofore:
But, let your Tongues
from henceforth now ſarbeare
All vaine-preſuming words,
for euermore.
For why? the LORD is GOD,
who all things knowes,
And doth each purpoſe,
to His end diſpoſe.

3
Now broken is their bowe,
that once were ſtoats;
And girt with vigor,
they that ſtumbled are.

The Fall, themselves
for bread have hired ont,
VVhich now they neede not doe,
that hungry were.
The barren wombe
doth seem children owne,
And thee, that once had many,
weake is growne.

The LORD doth slay,
and Hee reuiues the slaine.
He to the Graue doth bring,
and backe He beares:
The LORD makes poore,
and rich He makes againe:
He throweth downe,
and vp on high, He reares.
He, from the dust,
and from the dunghill, brings
The begger, and the poore,
to sit with Kings.

He reares them,
to inherite *Glories* Throne.
For why? the LORDS
the earth's vpholders are:
The world hath He
erected thereupon.
He to the footing
of his *Saints* hath care,
But, dumbe is darkenesse,
Sinners shall remaine:
For in their strength,
shall men be strong in vaine.

The LORD will to destruction
bring them all,
(Ea'n eu'rie one) that shall
with Him contend:
From out of Hea'n
Hee thunder on them shall,
And iudge the world,
vnto the farthest end.
VVith strength and powre,
His King Hee will supply,
And raise the Horne
of His *Anointed*, high.

The Lamentation of *Dauid* ouer
Saul, & *Ionat. his Son.* 2. *Sam.* 1. 17.

SONG. V.

Thy beautie *Israel* is gone,
Slaine on the places High is her:
The Mightie now are ouerthrowne.
Oh, thus how cometh it to be!
Let not this newe their streets through-
In *Gath*, or *Ashkelon* be told (out)
For feare *Philistia's* Daughters shont:
Lest vaunt th' vncircumcized should,

On you, hereafter, let no dewe
You Mountaines of *Gilboa*, fall:
Let there be neither showres on you,
Nor Fields, that breed an *Ossing* shall.
Fer there, with shame, away was throwne
The Target of the *Strong* (alas)
The shield of *Saul*, eu'n as of *One*,
That ne're with Oyle anointed was.

Nor from their blood that slaughtered lay,
Nor from the fat of strong men slaine,
Came *Jonathan* his B'w away,
Nor drew forth *Saul* his Sword in vaine.
In lifetime, they were lovely faire,
In death they vnuided are.
More swift then Eagles of the Ayre,
And stronger they, then Lyons were.

VVeepe *Israels* Daughters, weepe for *Saul*,
VVho you with Skarlet hath arayd,
VVho clothed you with Pleasures all,
And on your garments Gold hath layd.
How comes it, be that mightie was,
The foyle in battell doth sustaine?
Thou *Jonathan*, oh thou (alas)
Vpon thy Places-high wert slaine.

And, much distressed is my heart,
My brother *Jonathan*, for thee,
My verie deare-delight thou wert,
And wondrous was thy love to me.
So wondrous, it surpassed farre
The loue of women (eu'rie way.)
Oh, how the *Mightie* fallen are!
How warlike Instruments decay!

Dauid's Thankesgiuing.

1. Chron. 29. 10.

SONG. VI.

OH LORD, our euerlasting GOD,
Blisse, greatnes, powre, & praise is Thine.
VVith Thee, haue conquests their abode,
And glorious Maiestie Diuine.

All things that earth & Hea'n afford,
Thou at Thine owne disposing hast.
To Thee belongs the *Kingdome*, LORD,
And Thou, for head, o're all art plac't.

Thou wealth, and honour dost command,
To Thee, made subiect all things bee:
Both strength & powre are in Thine hand,
To be dispos'd as pleaseth Thee.

And now, to Thee our GOD therefore,
A Song of *Thankesfulnesse* we frame,
(That what we owe, we may restore)
And glorifie Thy glorious Name.

But, what, or who are we (alas)
That we in giuing are so free!

Thine

Song. VII. VIII.

3

Thing owne before, our *Offering* was,
And all we haue, we haue from Thee.
For, wee are Guests, & strangers here,
As were our *Fathers* in Thy fight;
Our dayes but shadow-like appeare,
And suddenly they take their flight.

This offering, LORD our GOD, which thus
VVe for Thy Name sake haue bestow'd,
Deriued was, from Thee, to vs;
And that we giue, is all Thine owne.
Oh GOD, Thou prou'st it hart, we know,
And dost affect vprightnesse there.
VVith gladnesse, therefore, we bestow
VWhat we haue freely offerd here.

Still thus (oh LORD our GOD) incline
Their meanings, who Thy people bee,
And euer, let the hearts of Thine
Be thus prepared vnto Thee.

Yea, giue vs perfect hearts, we pray,
That we Thy Precepts erre not from.
And grant, our *Contribution* may
An honour to Thy Name become.

Though spread to Hea'n in extremitie part,
I would collect them thence againe,
And bring them there to make repose,
VVhere I to place my Name haue choos'd.

Now, these Thy People are (of right)
Thy *Servants*, who to Thee belong;
Whom Thou hast purchas'd by Thy might
And by Thine Armes exceeding strong:
Oh! let Thine eare, LORD, to Their pray,
Attentive be to what I say.

The prayer of Thy *Servants* heare;
Oh, heare Thy *Servants* when they pray,
(VVho willing are Thy Name to feare)
Thy *Servant* prosper Thou to day:
And be Thou pleas'd to grant that he,
May fauour'd in Thy presence be.

The Song of King Lemuel.
Prou 31.10.

SONG. VIII.

The Prayer of *Nebemiah*.
Nebem. 1.5.

SONG. VII.

LORD GOD of Hea'n, who only art
The mightie GOD, and full of feare;
VVho neuer promise-breaker wert,
But euer shewing mercie there
VVhere men affection beare to Thee,
And of Thy *Lawes* obsecrate bee.

Giue eare, and ope Thine eyes, I pray,
That heard Thy *Servants* Suit may bee,
Made in Thy presence night and day,
For *Israhels* Scad, that serueth Thee:
For *Israhels* Scad, who (I confesse)
Against Thee gratuitously transgresse.

I, and my *Fathers* House did sin,
Corrupted all our actions bee:
And disrespectine we haue bin
Of Statutes, Iudgements, and Decree,
Of those, which to remaine so fast,
Thy *Servant Moses* charg'd Thou hast.

Oh yet, remember Thou, I pray,
These words, which Thou didst heretofore
Vnto Thy *Servant Moses* say.
If we (saidst Thou) they vex me more,
I will disperse them eu'rie where,
Among the Nations here and there.

But if so be they shall conuert,
To doe those things my *Law* sustaine;

Who findes a *Woman* good and wife,
A gem more worth then Pearls hath
Her *Husbands* heart on herrelies: (got,
To liue by spoyle he needeth not.
His comfort all his life is she.
No wrong she willingly will doe:
For *Wool* and *Flaxe* her searches be:
And cleerefull hands she puts thereto.

The *Merchant-Ship* resembling right,
Her food she from *starrs* doth fer,
E're day she wakes, that gine she might
Her maides their task, her husband meat.
A *Field* she viewes, and that she buyes;
Her Hand doth plant a *Vineyard* there,
Her *Loynes* with courage vp she tyes,
Her Armes with vigor strengthened are.

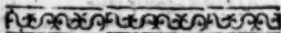
If in her worke she profit feele,
By night her *Candle* goes not out:
She puts her finger to the *wheel*;
Her hand the *Spindle* twirls about:
To such as pore and needy are,
Her hand (yea, both hands) reacheth she;
The *Winter*, none of hers doth feare;
For double cloth'd her husband be.

She *Mantles* maketh, wrought by hand,
And *Silke* and *Purple* clothing gets:
Among the *Rulers* of the Land,
(Knowe as in the Gate) her Husband sits.
For sale, fine *Linnen* weareth she,
And *Girdles* to the *Merchant* sends;
Renowme and strength her clothing be,
And say her latter time increaseth.

3 the

She speaks discreetly when she talks;
The Law of Grace her tongue hath learn'd;
She heeds the Way her Household walks,
And feedeth not on Bread vn-carn'd;
Her Children rise, and blest her call;
Her Husband thus applaudeth her;
Oh! thou hast far surpass'd them all,
Though many Daughters striving are.

Decayfull Favour quickly weares,
And Beautie suddenly decays;
But, if the LORD the truly feares,
That woman well deserueth praise:
The Fruit her haughty Worke obtaines,
VVithout repining grant her that;
And yeeld her what her la'our gaines,
To doe her honour in the Gate.



THE SONG OF SONGS.

The first Canticle.

SONG. IX.

Come kisse me with close Lips of thine,
For better are thy Loores then Wine;
And as the poured Ointments be;
Such is the sweetnes of thy Name;
And for the sweetnes of the same,
The Virgins are in loue with thee.

Begin but Thou to draw me on,
And then we after Thee will run;
Oh, King, thy Chambers bring me to;
So, we in thee delight shall finde,
And more then Wine thy love will minde,
And loue thee, as the Righteous doe.

And Daughter, of Ierusalem,
I pray you, doe not me contemne,
Because that blacke I now appeare;
For, I as lovely am (I know)
As Cedar Tents (appeare in show)
Or Solomon his Curtaines are.

Though blacke I am, regard it not;
It is but Sun-burne I haue got;
VVhereof my Mothers Scorn were cause:
Their Vineyard keeper me they made,
(Through enuie which to me they had)
So, mine owne Vine, neglected was.

Thou, whom my Soule doth best affect,
Vnto thy pastures me direct,
Where thou art Noone, are sweet and long;
For, why should I be stragling spide,
Like her that looses to turne aside,
Thy Fellow-Shepherds Flocks among.

Oh fairest of all women find!
(If him thou know not where to find)
Goe, where the paths of Cattle are;
Their Traile of foot-steps stay not from,
Till to the Shepherds Tents thou come,
And feed thy tender Kinslings there.

My Love, thou art of greater force,
Then Pharaoh's Troops of Chariet-Horse.
Thy cheekes, and necke made lovely be
VVith rowes of Store, and many a chain;
And, we Gold borders will ordaine,
Beset with Silver studs, for thee.

The second Canticle.

SONG. X.

While that the King was in repose,
My Spicknard his perfumings cast;
And twixt my breasts report'd my Deere,
My Love, who is as sweet to me,
As Myrrh, or Camphire bundles be,
VVhich at Babels Vineyards are.

Loe, thou art faire; loe, then my Love,
Art faire, and eyed like the Deare;
Thou faire and pleasant art my Deere,
And loe, our Bed with Flowres is strow'd;
Our House is beam'd with Cedar wood,
And of the Fir our Rafter are.

I am the Rose that Sharon yeelds,
The Rose and Lilly of the Field,
And Flowres of all the Dales below,
My Love among the Daughters shewes,
As when a sweet and beauteous Rose
Amid her birth of Thomes doth grow.

Among the Samers, such is my Deere,
As doth an Apple-tree appeare,
VVithin a shrubby Forrest plac'd,
I sat me downe beneath his shade,
(VVhereto a great desire I had)
And sweet his Fruit was to my tast.

Me, to his danger haue hee bane,
Eu'n where his wine-prouisions are;
As there his Love my banner was,
VVith Flagon me from fainting stay;
VVith Apples comfort me, I pray;
For I am sick of Love (alas).

My head with his left hand he stayd,
His right hand ouer me he layd,
And by the Mazza and Roes (said he)
You Daughters of Ierusalem
Stirre not (for you charge by them)
Nor wake my Love till pleas'd the be.

The third Canticle.

SONG. XL

I Heale my *Lam*: and him I see
 Come leaping by the Mountaines there.
 Loe, o're the Hills he trippeth He;
 And *Roe*, or *Stag*-like doth appeare.
 Loe, from behinde the wall he cries:
 Now, at the window-grate is He.
 Now speaks my *Deare*, and tries, wife
 My *Lam*, my *Fair*, and come with me.

2
 Loe, *Winter*'s past, and come the *Spring*,
 The *Raine* is gosse, the *Weather* cleare:
 The *Season* woos the *Birds* to sing:
 And on the *Earth* the *Flowers* appeare.

The *Turtle* croweth in our *Field*:
Yong Eggs, the *Fig-tree* down doth weigh:
 The blossom'd *Vines* a *saucy* yeeld,
 Kise *Lam*, my *Fair*, and come away.

3
 My *Deare*, that art obscured, where
 The *Rocks* darke *staires* doe thee infold:
 Thy voice (thy sweet voice) let me heare,
 And Thee (that lovely sight) behold.

Those *Faire* Cubes the *Vines* that matre,
 Gee take vs, whilst the *Grapes* be young:
 My *Lam* am I, and mine's my *Deare*,
 VVho (eodes the *Lily*) *flowers* among.

4
 VVhile breakes of *Day*, when *shades* departs,
 Returne my *Woe*-besou'd *One*:
 En'n as a *Roe*, or lustie *Hart*,
 That doth on *Braber* *Mountaines* run.

For him, that to my *Soule* is deare,
 VVithin my bed, by night I sought:
 I sought, but him I found not there.
 Thus therefore, with my selfe I thought:

5
 He rise, and round the *Citie* wende,
 Through *Lanes*, and open *wayes* I'll goe,
 That I my *Soules* *delights* may finde,
 So there I sought, and mist him too.

The *Citie* *watch*, me lighted on:
 They askt I for my *Soules* *delights*:
 And somewhat past them being gone,
 My *Soules* *belov'd* sound I straight.

6
 VVhom there in my embrace I caught:
 And him forsooke I not, till he
 Into my *Mother*'s House I brought,
 Her Chamber who constrain'd me.

You *Daughters* of *Jerusalem*,
 Stirre not (by *Field*-bred *Harts* and *Roes*):
 For you I doe admire by them:
 Nor wake my *Lam* till he dispose.

The fourth Canticle.

SONG. XIL

What's he that from the *Desert* there,
 Doth like those *smoky* *Pillars* come,
 VVhich from the *Incense*, & the *Myrrhe*,
 And, all the *Merchant*-*Spices* fume?
 His *Bed* (which loe is *Solomon*)
 Threescore stout men about it stand:
 They are of *Israhel* valiant *ones*:
 And all of them with *Swords* in hand.

2
 All those are men expert in fight:
 And each one on his thigh doth weare
 A *Sword*: that terrors of the night
 May be forbid from coming there.

King Solomon a goodly place
 VVith *Trees* of *Libanus* did seare:
 Each *Pillar* of it *Silver* was,
 And *Gold*, the *basis* of them were.

3
 VVith *Purple* cover'd he the same:
 The pavement of it (thoroughout),
 Oh *Daughters* of *Jerusalem*,
 For you, with *Charitie* is wrought.

Come *yon* *Daughters*, come away,
 And crown'd with his *Diademe*,
King Solomon behold you may:
 That *Crowne*, his *Mother* set on him,
 VVhen he a married man was made,
 And in his heart contentment had.

The fifth Canticle.

SONG. XIII

OH my *Lam*, how comely now,
 And how beautifull art thou!
 Thou, of *Dove*-like *Eyes* a paire
 Shining hast, within thy haire:
 And thy *Lockes* like *Kidlings* bee,
 VVhich from *Gilead* Hill we see.

2
 Like those *Ewes* thy *teeth* doe shewe,
 VVhich in rows from washing goe:
 VVhen among them there is none
 Twinlesse, nor a barren one.
 And thy *Lips* are of a red,
 Like the *Rose* colour'd thread.

3
 As *pears* becoming thee thou hast.
 Vnderneath thy *Temple* place
 Are thy *Temples* (unchessle faire)
 VVhich (o're-shadow'd with thy haire)
 Like *Pomegranats* doe appeare,
 VVhen they cut asunder are.

4
 To that *Fart* thy *Neck*'s compar'd,
 Which with *Bulwages* *Dove*'s *round*'d:
 VVhere

VWhere a thousand Shields are hung,
All the Targets of the strong.
Breasts thou hast like twinned Roes,
Feeding where the Lilly grows.

VWhile day breakes, and shades are gone,
To the Mountaines I will run:
To that Hill whence Myrrhe doth come,
And to that of Libanus.
Thou my Love, all beantie art,
Spotlesse faire in eu'ry part.

Come my Spouse from Libanus,
Come with me from Libanus:
From Amans turne thy light,
Shriv's top, and Hermours height:
From the Dens of Lyons sell,
And the Hills where Leopards dwell.

Thou, my Sister, thou art she,
Of my heart that robbeth me:
Thou, my Spouse, oh thou art she,
Of my heart that robbeth me,
VWith one of thine eyes aspeect,
And with one locke of thy necke.

Sister, and espoused Peere,
Those thy Breasts how faire they are!
Better be those Dugges of thine
Then the most delicious wine:
And thine Oynments odours are
Sweeter then all Spices farre.

Love, thy Lips drop sweetnesse so,
As the Combs of Hony doe:
Thou hast vnderneath thy Tongue
Honey mixt with milke among:
And thy Robes do scent as well,
As the Frankincense doth smell.

Thou, my Sister, and espoused,
Art a Garden fast enclosed,
VValled Spring a fountaine seal'd,
And the Plants thy Orchard yeeld,
Are of the Pomegranates tree,
VWith those Fruits that pleasant bee.

Campsis there, with Nard doth grow,
Nard commixt with Crocus too,
Calamus, and Cinnamon,
VWith all Trees of Libanus,
Sweetest Myrrhe, and Myrrhe,
And all Spices that precious are.

All the day long as thou art where,
Take their first beginning there.
There, the precious Fountains lyes,
VWhence all Lining-waters rise:
Run all those Streames that come
Running downe from Libanus.

The sixth Canticle.

SONG. XIV.

A Rise thou North-wind from the North,
And from the South, thou South-wind
Vpon my Garden breath ye forth, (blow)
That so my Spices (there that grow)
From thence abundantly may flow.
And to thy Garden come my Deare,
To eate thy Fruits of pleasure there.

My Sister, and espoused Peere,
Vnto my Garden I am come:
My Spice I gather'd with my Myrrhe,
I ate my Honey in the Combe,
And drunke my Wine with Milke among.
Come Friends, & Bees beeu'd of me,
Come eate and drunke, & merrie be.

I slept, but yet my heart did wake:
It is my Love I knocking heare:
It was his voice, and thus he spake:
Come open vnto me, my Deare,
My Love, my Dove, my Guest, my Peere:
For, with the Dew my Head is dight,
My Lockes with droppings of the Night.

I see, I have now vndressed me:
VWhy should I clothe me, as before?
And since my Feet cleane washed be,
VWhy should I soyle them any more?
Then through the crenice of the dore
Appear'd the hand of my Belov'd,
And towards him, my heart was mov'd.

I rose vnto my Love to ope,
And from my hands distilled Myrrhe:
Pure Myrrhe did from my fingers drop,
Vpon the handles of the Barre.
But then departed was my Deere.
VWhen by his voice I knew 'twas he,
My heart was like to faint in me.

I fought; but scene he could not be:
I call'd; but heard no answer found.
The City watchmen met with me,
As they were walking of the Round,
And gave me stripes that made a wound:
Yea, they that watch and ward the Wall,
En's they haue tooke away my Vaile.

The seventh Canticle.

SONG. XV.

O! if him you happen on,
VWho is my Belov'd One,
Daughters of Ierusalem,
I adore you, seriously,
To informe him, how that I
Sicke am growne of love for him.

Fairest of all Women, tell
How thy *Lover* doth excell,
More then other *Lovers* doe.
Thy *Beard*, what is he,
More then other *Lovers* be,
That thou dost adure vs so?

Me, in whom I so delight,
In the pure Red and White;
Of ten thousands, Chief is he.
Like fine Gold his *Hair* doth flow,
VWhereon curled *Lockes* doe grow;
And a *Rosen* blacke they be.

Like the milke *Doves* that bide
By the *Rivers*, He is Ey'd:
Full, and fery for they are;
Cherries, like *Spicie* Beds hath he;
Or like *Flowers*, that fayne be:
Lips, like *Lillies*, dropping *Myrr*.

Hands, like *Rings* of Gold, beset
VWith the precious *Chrysolis*:
Belly, like *White* Ivory,
VWrought about with *Saphires* rich:
Legs, like *Marble* pillars, which
Set on *Golden* Bases be.

Fa'd like *Likens* is He;
Goodly, as the Cedar *Tree*:
Sweetnesse breathing out of him,
He is lustily en'rie where.
This my *Friend* is, this my *Deare*,
Daughters of *Ierusalem*.

Oh thou *Fairest* (eu'ne way)
Of all *Women*! whither may
Thy *Belov'd* turned be?
Tell vs, whither he is gone,
VWho is thy *Belov'd* one,
That we seek him may with Thee?

To his *Garden* went my *Deare*,
To the Beds of *Spices* there;
VWhere he feeds, and *Lillies* gets.
I, my *Lover* am and alone;
Mine, is my *Belov'd* one,
VWho among the *Lillies* eates.

The eighth Canticle.

SONG. XVI.

Beautiful art thou my *Deare*:
Thou as lustily art as a
Turk, or *Ierusalem*
(As the beautifulst of them)
As much thou mak'st afraid,
As armed *Troopes* with *Flags* displayd.

Turne away those eyes of thine;
Doe not fixe them so, on mine:
For, there beane forth (from thy sight)
Sweets, that overcome me quite:
And, thy *Locks*, like *kiddings* bee,
VWhich from *Gilead* Hill we lee.

Like those *Ewes* thy *Teeb* doe flow,
VWhich in rowes from walking goe.
VWhen among them there is none,
Twin lesse, nor a barren one.
And (within thy *Lockes*) thy *Tresses*
Like the cur-*Pomgranates* flowes.

There are with her sixtie *Queenes*:
There are eightie *Concubines*:
And the *Damels* they possesse,
Are in number number lesse.
But my *Dove* is all alone,
And an undefiled one.

She's her *Mother* onely *Deare*:
And her *Tay*, that her did beare.
VWhen the *Daughters* her surseyd,
That the blessed was, they sayd:
She was prayd of the *Queenes*,
And among the *Concubines*.

VWho is she (when forth she goes)
That so like the *Morning* shewes?
Beautiful, as is the *Moon*,
Purely bright, as is the *Sun*:
And appearing full of dread,
Like an *Hoard* with *Engines* spread?

To the *Nut-yard* downe went I,
(And the *Vales* encrease to spie)
To behold the *Vine* bands come,
And to see *Pomegranats* bloome:
But the *Princes* *Churrets* did
Vexe me so, I nought could hee.

Turne oh turne, thou *Shulamite*,
Turne, oh turne thee to our sight.
VWhat I pray, is that, which you
In the *Shulamite* would view,
But that (to appeare) thee
Shewes like a *Troope* that armed bee?

The ninth Canticle.

SONG. XVII.

Thou *Daughter* of the *Rapall* Hill,
How comely are those *Peas* of thine,
VWhen their beferming show they weare?
The curious knitting of thy *ribbes*,
Is like the costly *Gown* of *wool*,
VWhich wrought by *children* woollens are.

Thy

Thy *Navel*, is a Goblet round,
 Where Liquor evermore is found.
 Thy faire and fruitfull *Breast* shewes
 As doth a goodly heape of Wheat
 With Lillies round about beset,
 And thy two *Breasts* like twinned Roes:

Thy Neck, like some white towre doth rise,
 Like *Heshbon* Fild, pooles, are thine Eyes,
 Which neere the Gate *Beth-rabbim* lye.
 Thy Nose (which thee doth well become)
 Is like the Towre of *Libanus*,
 That on *Damascus* hath an eye.

Thy Head, like Scarlet doth appeare,
 The Haïres thereof like Purple are:
 And in the Threads the King is bound,
 Oh *Lout*! How wondrous faire art thou!
 How perfect doe thy pleasures shew!
 And how thy Ioyes in them abound!

Thou *Statue*'d art in Palme-tree wife,
 Thy *Breasts* like Clusters doe arise.
 I said, into this *Palme* I'll goe;
 My hold shal on her branches be:
 And those thy *Breasts* shall be to me
 Like Clusters that on Vines doe grow.

Thy *Nosstrils* favour shall as well
 As newly-gathred Fruits doe smell.
 Thy Speech shall also relish so,
 As purest Wine, that for my *Deare*
 Is fitting drinke, and able were,
 To cause an old mans lippes to goe.

I, my *Belovèd* am; And he
 Hath his affection set on me:
 Come well belovèd, come away,
 Into the fields, let's walke along;
 And there the Villages among,
 Eu'n in the Countrey we will stay.

VVe to the *Pines* betimes will go,
 And see if they doe spring or no;
 Or, if the te ider *Grapes* appeare:
 VVe will, moreover goe, and see,
 If the *Pomegranates* blossom'd bee:
 And I my *Lout* will give thee there.

Sweet smells the *Mandrakes* doe afford;
 And we within our Gates, are stor'd,
 Of all things that delightfull bee.
 Yea, whether new or old they are,
 Prepared they be for my *Deare*:
 And I have layd them vp for thee.

VWould, as my *Breast*, thou might'st be,
 That suckt my *Mother's* breast with me:
 Oh would it were no other wife!

In publike then I thee would meet,
 And give thee kisses in the street;
 And none there is (should) thee despise.

Then I my selfe would for thee come,
 And bring thee to my *Mother's* home:
 Thou likewise should'st instruct me there,
 And Wine that is commixt with Spice
 (Sweet Wine of the *Pomegranates* (nyce))
 I would for thee to drinke prepare.

My Head with his left-hand he staid,
 His right-hand over me he laid;
 And (being to imbrace'd by him)
 Said he, I charge you, not dispute,
 Nor wake my *Lout* untill she please,
 You Daughters of *Ierusalem*.

The tenth Canticle.

SONG. XVIII.

Who's this, that leaning on her *Friend*,
 Doth from the Wilderness ascend?
 Mind how I rais'd thee,
 Eu'n a where thy *Mother* thee conceiv'd,
 When she that brought thee forth conceiv'd,
 Beneath an *Apple-tree*.

Me in thy Heart engraven beare,
 And Seale-like on thy Hand-wrist weare:
 For *Lout* is strong as Death,
 Fierce as the Grace is *Jealousies*,
 The Coales thereof doe burning lye;
 And furious flames it hath.

Much Water, cannot coole *Lout's* flame;
 No floods have powre to quench the same:
 For *Lout* so high is priz'd,
 That, who so buy it would assay,
 Though all his wealth he gave away,
 It would be all despis'd.

We have a *Sister* scarcely growne,
 For she is such a little one,
 That yet no *Breast* hath suckt her:
 VVhat thing shall we now undertake,
 To doe for this our *Sister's* sake,
 If spoken for she bee?

If, that a *Wall* thee doe appeare,
 VVe *Turrets* upon her will reare,
 And *Palaces* of Plate:
 And then with boards of *Cedar-Trees*
 Enclose, and fence her in, will we,
 If that she be a *Gall*.

A *Wall* already built I am:
 And now my *Breast* vpon the same
 Doe *Turret-like* arise.

Since when, as one that findeth rest
(And is of settled peace possit)
I seemed in his eyes.

A Vineyard hath King Solomon,
This Vineyard is at Baal-Hamon,
VWhich he to Reapers put :
And cu'rt a one that therein wrought,
A thousand silver-pieces brought,
And gave him for the Fruit.

My Vineyard which belongs to mee,
Eu'n I my selfe do oversee.
To thee, oh Solomon,
A thousand-fold doth appertaine :
And those that keepe the same, shall gaine
Two hundred-fold for one.

Thou, whose abode the Gardes are
(Thy Fellowes vnto thee gine care)
Cause me to heare thy voice :
And let my Love as swiftly goe,
As doth a Hart or nimble Roe,
Vpon the Hills of Spice.

The first Song of Esay. Esay 3.

SONG. XIX.

A Song of him, whom I loue best,
And of his Vineyard, sing I will.
A Vineyard, once my Love possit,
Well-vested on a fruitfull Hill :
He kept it close-immured still :
The earth from stones hee did refine,
And set it with the choicest Vine.

He in the mid' it a Fors did reare,
A Wine-press therein also wrought :
But when he look'd it Grapes should beare,
Those grapes wex wild-ones that it brought
Zeru'salm, come speake thy thought,
And you of Judah Iudges be,
Betwixt my Vineyard here, and me.

Vnto my Vineyard what could more
Performed bee, then I haue done ?
Yet, looking it should Grapes haue bore,
Sane wilde-ones, it afforded none :
But goe to (let it now alone)
Besol'd I am to shew you too,
VWhat with my Vineyard I will doe.

The Hedge I will remoue from thence,
That what so will deuoure it may :
I downe will breake the Walled-fence,
And through it make a troden way,
Yea, all of it I wast will lay.
To digge or dresse it none shall care :
But Thornes and bayes it shall beare.

The Clouds I also will compell,
That there no raine descend for this.
For loe, the House of Israel
The LORD of Armies Vineyard is :
And Iudah is that Plant of his ;
That Pleasant-one, who forth hath brought
Oppression, when he Iudgement fought,
He, seeking Justice, found therein,
In lieu thereof, a Crying Sin.

The second Song of Esay. Es. 12.

SONG. XX.

LORD, I will sing to Thee,
For Thou displeased wast :
And yet with-drew'st Thy wrath from mee,
And sent me comfort hast.
Thou art my health, on whom
A fearlessse Trust I lay :
For Thou oh LORD, Thou art become
My Strength, my Song, my Stay.

And with reioicing now,
Sweet waters we conuay
Forth of those Springs, whence Life doth
And thus we therefore say : (flow)
Oh, sing vnto the LORD :
His Name and workes proclame ;
Yea, to the People beare record,
That glorious is His Name.

Vnto the LORD, oh sing ;
For, wonders He hath done :
And many a renowned thing,
VWhich through the earth is knowne,
Oh sing aloud, all yee,
On Syon Hill that dwell !
For, loe, Thy Holy-one is there,
Is great, oh Israel.

The third Song of Esay.
Esay 26.

SONG. XXI.

A Citie now we haue obtain'd,
VWhere strong Defences are :
And, GOD Salvation hath ordain'd,
For Walls and Bulwarkes there.
The Gates thereof, wide open Yee,
That such as iustly doe
(And those that Truths obseruers bee)
May enter therinto.

There, Thou in peace wilt keepe them sure
VWhose thoughts well grounded bee ;
In peace, that euer shall endure,
Because they trusted Thee.

For ever, therefore, on the LORD,
Without distrust, depend.
For, in the LORD, th'eternall LORD,
Is strength that hath no end.

He makes the lustie *Citie* yeeld,
And her proud Dwellers bowe:
He layes it leuell with the Field,
Ea'n with the dust belowe.

Their Feet that are in want and care,
There feet theron shall tread:
Their way is right that righteous are,
And thou their path dost heed.

Vpon Thy course of Iudgements, we
Oh LORD, attending were:
And to record Thy Name and Thee,
Our Soules desirous are.

On Thee, our mindes with strong desire
Are fixed in the night:
And after Thee our hearts enquire
Before the morning light.

For, when Thy righteous Iudgements are
Vpon the earth discern'd,
By those that doe inhabite there,
Vrightnesse shall be learn'd.

Yet, Sinners for no terror will
Just dealing vnderstand:
But in their sins continue still,
Amid the *Holy Land*.

To seeke the Glorie of the LORD,
They vn-regardfull bee,
And Thy aduanced hand, oh LORD,
They will not daigne to see.

But they shall see, and see with shame,
That beare Thy People spight:
Yea, from Thy Foes shall come a flame,
VWhich will deuoure them quite.

Then, LORD, for vs Thou wilt procure,
That we in peace may bee:
Because that eu'rie worke of our,
Is wrought for vs, by Thee.
And Lord our God, though we are brought
To other Lords in thrall,
Of Thee alone shall be our thought,
Vpon Thy Name to call.

They are decaist, and neuer shall
Renewed life obtaine:
They dye, and shall not rise at all,
To tyrannize againe.

For Thou didst visit them therefore,
And wide disperst them hast,
That so their Fame for euermore,
May wholly be defact.

But LORD, encrease Thy People etc,

Encrease they are by Thee,
And Thou art glori'd as farre,
As Earths wide Limits bee.

For LORD, in their distresses, when
Thy rod on them was layd,
They vnto Thee did hasten then,
And without ceasing prayd.

As one with child is pain'd, when as
Her throwes of bearing be,
And cryes in pangs (before Thy face)
Oh LORD, so fared we.

VVe haue concei'd, and for a birth
Of winde haue pain'd bin.
The world's vn safe, and still on earth,
They thrive that dwell therein.

Thy Dead shall liue, and rise againe
VWith my dead Body shall.
Oh you, that in the dust remaine,
Awake and sing you all!

For, as the dew dath Herbs renew,
That buried seem'd before:
So earth shall through Thy heavenly dew
Her Dead to life restore.

My People to thy Chambers fare,
Shut close the doore to thee,
And stay a while (a moment there)
Till past the Furie be.

For loe, the LORD doth now arise,
He cometh from His place,
To punish their impieties,
VWho now the world possesse.

The earth that blood discover shall,
VWhich is in her conceal'd,
And bring to light those murders all,
VWhich yet are v'reuend'd.

The Prayer of Hezekiah. Es. 37. 15.

SONG. XXII.

O LORD of Hosts
and GOD of Israel!

Thou, who betwene
the Cherubims dost dwell,
Of all the world

Thou only art the King,
And Hea'n and earth,
vnto their forme didst bring.

LORD, bow Thine eare,
to heare attentive bee.

Lift vp Thine eyes,
and daigne, oh LORD, to see
VWhat words Semathias
hath cast abroad,

And His proud Message
to the lining GOD.

B 4

LORD,

LORD, true it is,
that Lands and Kingdoms all,
Are to the King of *Assur*
brought in thrall:
Yea, He their Gods,
into the Fire hath throwne:
For, Gods they were not,
but of wood and stone.

Mans worke they were,
and men destroy'd them here.
Vs therefore from His power
vouchsafe to free,
That all the Kingdomes
of the world may see
That Thou art GOD,
that onely Thou art Hee.

Hezekiah's Thanksgiving.
Esay. 38.10.

SONG. XXIII.

When I suppos'd
my time was at an end,
Thus, to my selfe,
I did my selfe benone:
Now to the Gates of Hell
I must descend;
For all the remnant
of my power is gone.
The LORD (said I)
where now the living bee,
Nor man on earth,
shall I for ever see.

As when a *Shepherd*
hath remov'd his Tent,
Or as a *Weaver's* shuttle
slips away,
Right so, my Dwelling,
and my Veeres, were spent:
And so, my sicknesse
did my Life decy.
Each day ere night,
my death expected I;
And ev'ie night, ere morning,
thought to dye.

For, He so *Lyon-like*
my bones did breake,
That I scarce thought to live
another day.
A noyse I did
like *Cranes* or *Swallows* make:
And as the *Thrill*,
I lamenting say.
Then with uplifted eye-lids,
thus I spake,

Oh LORD, on me oppressed,
mercie take.

VVhat shall I say?
He did His promise glue,
And as He promis'd
He performed it.
And therefore,
I will never whilst I live,
Those bitter passions
of my Soule forget:
Yea, those that live,
and those vnborne, shall know
VVhat life and rest
Thou didst on me bestow.

My former Plesures,
Sorrowes were become:
But, in that Ioue,
which to my Soule Thou hast
The Graue, that all deuours,
Thou kept'st me from:
And didst my errors all
behinde Thee cast.
For, nor the *Grave*,
nor *Death* can honour Thee;
Nor hope they for Thy *Truth*
that buried bee.

Oh! He that lives,
that lives as I doe now;
Eu'n He it is
that shall Thy praise declare.
Thy *Truth* the Father
to his Seed shall show.
And how, Thou me, Oh LORD,
hast daign'd to spare.
Yea LORD for this,
I will throughout my dayes
Make musicke in Thy House,
vnto Thy praise.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF
IEREMIE.

Lament. 1.

SONG. XXIV.

How sad and solitarie
now (alas)
Is that well-peopled Citie
come to be!
VVhich once so great
among the Nations was,
And oh how widdow-like
appeareth she!

She rule of all the Prouinces
hath had,
And now her selfe
is tributarie made,

All night she maketh
such exorbitant mone,
That downe her cheekes
a flood of teares doth flow;
And yet, among her *Lovers*
there is none,

That consolation
doth on her bestow.
For they that once
her *Lovers* did appeare,
turned foes,
and faithlesse to her are.

Now *Israhel* in captiuitie
complaines,
That (others) heretofore
so much oppress.
For her false seruice,
she her selfe remains
Among those Heathens,
where she findes no rest.
And apprehended
in a Straite, is she,
By those that persecutors
of her be.

The *ric Ways* of *Syon*
doe lament.
The *Gates* thereof
their lonelinesse deplores
Because that no man
commeth to frequent
Her *solemn Festiuals*
as heretofore.
Her *Prisns* doe sigh;
her tender *Virgins* be
Vncomfortable left,
and so is *She*.

Her *Aduersaries*
are become her *Chieftes*:
On High exalted
those that hate her are:
And GOD hath brought vpon her
all those griefes,
Because so many
her Transgressions were.
Her *Children* driuen from her
by the *Foe*,
Before him
into loathed thraldome goe.

From *Syon* Daughter
(once without compare)

Now all her matchlesse
lonelinesse is gone.

And like those catted *Harts*
her *Princes* faine
VVho seeke for pasture
and can finde out none.
So (of their strength depriv'd,
and fainting nigh)
Before their abler Foes,
they feeble flye.

Ierusalem now thinkes
vpon her crimes;
And calls to minde
(amid her present woes)
The pleasure she enjoy'd
in former times.
Till first she was surprized
by her Foes:
And how (when they
perceiued her forlorne)
They at her holy *Sabbath*
made a scorne.

Ierusalem Transgressions
many were:
And therefore is it
the disdain'd lyer:
Those, who in former times
haued honour'd her;
Her basenesse now behold,
and her despise:
Yes, she her selfe doth sit
bemoaning this;
And of her selfe
her selfe ashamed is.

Her owne vncleannesse
in her Skirt she bore;
Not then beleeuing
what her end would be.
This great destruction
falls on her therefore;
And none to helpe
or comfort her hath she.
Oh, heede Thou *LORD*;
and pittie Thou my woes:
For I am triumph'd-over
by my Foes.

Her *Foe* hath touch'd
with his polluted hand,
Her things that Sacred were,
before her Face:
And, they whose entrance
Thou didst countermand,
Intruded haue
into her *Holy Place*:
Those, that were not
so much approu'd by Thee,

As of Thy Congregation
held to bee.

11
Her People, doe with sighes,
and sorrowes get
That little bread
which for reliefe they haue.
And, giue away
their precious things for meat,
So to procure
wherewith their life to saue.
Oh LORD, consider this;
and pooder Thou,
How vile and how dejected
I am now.

12
No pittie, in yon *Passenger*
is there?
Your eyes, oh somewhat
hitherward encline;
And marke, if euer
any gricfe there were
Or sorrow that did equall
this of mine:
This, which the LORD
on me inflicted hath,
Vpon the day
of his increased wrath.

13
He from above,
a Flame hath hurled downe;
That kindles in my bones
preuailing fire.
A Yes, he ouer both my feet
hath throwne;
By which, I am compelled
to rectyre.
And He hath made me
a *Foraker One*,
To sit, and weepe out
all the day alone.

14
The heauie Yoke
of my Transgressions, now,
His hand hath wreathed,
and vpon me layd;
Beneath the same
my tyred necke doth bowe
And all my strength
is totally decay'd.
For, me to these,
the LORD hath giuen o're,
Vvhoſe hands will hold me
fast for euermore.

15
The LORD hath trampled
vnderneath their feet,
Eu'n all the mightie,
in the mydd of me.

A great Assembly
He hath caus'd to meet,
That all my ableſt men
might ſlaughtered bee.
And *Juda's* Virgin-Daughter
treads vpon,
As in a wine-prette
Grapes are trodden on.

16
For this (alas) thus weeps I,
and mine eyes,
Mine eyes drop water thus,
because that He,
On whose assistance,
my sad Soule relies,
In my distresse
is farre away from me.
Eu'n while
(because of my preuailing Foe)
My *Children* are
compel'd from me to goe.

17
In vaine hath *Syon*
stretched forth her hand;
For, none unto her succour
draweth nigh:
Because, the LORD
hath giuen in command,
That *Jacob's* Foes
should round about her lye.
And poore *Jerusalem*
among them there;
Like some defiled woman
doth appeare.

18
The LORD is iustified,
nay the-lesſe,
Because I did not
His commands obey.
All *Nations* therefore,
heare my heauineſſe,
And heed it (for your warning)
you I pray.
For, into thraldome
(through my follies) be
My *Virgins*, and my *young-men*,
borne from me.

19
Vpon my *Lauters*
I haue cryed out,
But, they my groundleſſe hopes
deceined all.
I for my reu'rend *Prieſts*
enquir'd about;
I, also, did vpon
mine *Elders* call:
But in the Citie,
vp the gholt they gaue,
As they were seeking meat
their liues to ſaue.

Oh LORD, take pittie now
on my distresse,
For loe my Soule
distemper'd is in mee,
My heart is overcome
with heavinesse,
Because I have so much
offended Thee,
Thy *Sword* abroad
my ruine doth become.
And *Death* doth also
threaten me at home.

And of my sad complaints
my Foes haue heard:
But to afford me comfort
there is none.
My troubles haue at full
to them appeard:
Yet they are ioyfull
that Thow so hast done,
But thou wilt bring the Time
set downe by Thee,
And then in sorrow
they shall equal mee.

Then, shall those foule Offences
they haue wrought,
Before Thy presence
be remembered all:
And whatfoe're my Sins
on me haue brought,
(For their Transgressions)
vpon them shall fall.
For, so my sighings
multiplied be,
That therewithall,
my heart is faint in mee.

Lamentat. 3.

SONG. XXV.

How darke, and how beclouded
(in His wrath)
The LORD hath caused
Syon to appeare!
How *Isr'els* beautie
He obscured hath!
As if throwne downe
from Heau'n to earth he were.
Oh! why is His displeasure
growne so hot?
And why hath He
His Footstools so forgot?

The LORD all *Syon* dwellings
hath layd wast;
And, in so doing,
He no sparing made

For in His anger
to the ground He cast,
The strongest Holds
that *Israhel* Dauid had,
Them, and their Kingdomes,
He to ground doth lead,
And all the Princes of it
doth suspend.

VWhen at the highest
His displeasure was,
From *Isr'el* all His hopes
of strength He broke.
And from before
His Adversaries face,
His Right hand
(that restrained him) He took.
Yea, He in *Iacobs*
kindled such a flame,
As, round about,
hath quite consum'd the same.

His Bow He as
an Adversarie bent,
And by His Right hand
He did plainly shew,
He drew it
with an enemies intent:
For all that were the fairest Markes
Hee slew.
In *Syon* Tabernacles
this was done,
Euen there the fire
of His displeasure shone.

The LORD himselfe
is He that was the Foe,
By Him is *Isr'el*
thus to ruine gone.
His Palaces,
He overturned so:
And He, his Holds of strength
hath overthrowne:
Euen He it is
from whom it doth arise,
That *Isr'els* Daughter
thus lamenting lyes.

His Tabernacle
Garden-like that was,
The LORD with violence
hath tooke away.
He hath destroyed
his Assembling place:
And there now *Israhel*
now haue they:
No, not in *Syon*.
For in His fierce wrath,
He both their King
and Priests rooted hath.

Song. X I V.

The LORD His holy *Abs*
 doth forget;
 His *Sauvour*
 He hath quite despis'd.
 Yea, by His meere assistance
 hath our Foe;
 The Bulwarks
 of our Palaces surpris'd.
 And in the LORDS owne *House*,
 rude Noyses are
 As loud, as heretofore
 His Prayes were.

The LORD His thought
 did purposely encline,
 The Walls of *Sion*
 should be overthrowne.
 To that intent
 He stretched forth His *Liue*,
 And drew not backe His hand
 till they were downe.
 And so, the *Turrets*
 with the bruis'd *Wall*,
 Did both together
 to destruction fall.

Her *Gates* in heapes of earth
 obscured are;
 The *Barris* of them
 in peeces brake hath He;
 Her *King*, and those
 that once her *Princes* were,
 Now borne away
 among the *Gentiles* be.
 The *Law* is lost,
 and they no *Prophet* haue,
 That from the LORD
 a vision doth receiue.

In silence, seated
 on the lowly ground,
 The *Senators*
 of *Sion-Daughter* are;
 With Ashes, they
 their carefull heads haue crown'd,
 And mourning Sackcloth
 girded on them weare.
 Yea, on the earth
 in a distressed-wise,
Jerusalem young *Virgins*
 see their eyes.

And for because
 my *People* suffer this,
 Mine eyes with much lamenting
 dimm'd grow:
 Each part within me
 out of quiet is,
 And on the ground
 my *Teares* I shed;

When as mine eyes
 with so sad Objects meet;
 As Babes halfe dead,
 and sprawling in the street.

For, to their *Mothers*,
 called they for meat.
 Oh where shall we
 haue meat and drinke! they cry.
 And in the Citie,
 while they to ad entreat,
 They (woone, like them
 that deadly-wounded lye.
 And some of them,
 their Soules did breath away,
 As in their *Mothers* bosome,
 As they lye.

Jerusalem! for thee
 what can I say?
 Or vnto what maist thou
 re'mbled bee?
 Oh! whereunto
 that comfort thee I may,
 Thou *Sion-Daughter*,
 shall I liken thee?
 For, as the *Sea*,
 so great thy Breches are;
 And to repair them then;
 Ah, who is there!

Thou, by thy *Prophets*
 hast deluded him;
 And foolish Visions
 they for thee haue sought.
 For, they reueiled not,
 to thee thy Sin,
 To turne away the thraldome
 it hath brought.
 But, lying Prophecies
 they sought for thee;
 Which of thy sad exile,
 the causes bee.

And those, thou *Daughter*
 of *Jerusalem*
 That on occasions
 passe along this way,
 With clapping hands,
 and hissing Thee contemnet
 And, nodding at Thee
 thus in scorn they say:
 Is this the Citie,
 men did once delight
 The flower of Beautie,
 and the worlds Delight?

Thy Adversaries
 (our's one of them)

Their

Their mouths have op'ned at Thee,
to Thy shame.

They hisse, and gnaish at Thee,
Item a new

VVe, we (say they)
have quite destroy'd the same;

This, is that Day
hath long expected beene,
Now cometh it,
and we the same have scene.

But, this the LORD decreed,
and brought so passe,
He, to make good that word
which once He spake,
(And that which long agoe
determin'd was)
Hath hurled downe,
and did no pittie take.
He, thus hath made thee
scorned of thy Foe;
And rais'd the Horne
of them that hate thee so.

Oh Wall of Syons-Daughter,
cry againe,
Eu'n to the LORD
As lorth a heartie Cry:
Downe like a River,
cause thy teares to raine,
And, let them neither
day nor night be dry.
Seeke neither sleepe,
thy body to suffice,
Nor slumber,
for the Apples of thine eyes.

At night and when
the watch is new begun,
Then rise, and to
the LORD Almighty cry.
Before Him, let thy Heart
like water run;
And lift thou vp to Him
thine hands, on high:
Eu'n for those hunger-starved
Babes of thine,
That in the Corners
of the streetes doe pine.

And Thou, oh LORD,
Oh bee Thou pleas'd to see,
And thinke on whom
Thy Iudgements Thou hast throwne.
Shall women feed
with their owne Issue bee,
And Children, that a span
are scarcely growne?
Shall thus, Thy Priests
and Prophets, LORD, be slaine,

As in Thy Sanctuary
they remaine?

Nor Youth, nor Age,
is from the slaughter free;
For, in the streetes,
lye Young, and Old, and all.
My Virgines, and my Young-men,
murthred bee;
Eu'n both, beneath the Sword,
together fall.
Thou, in Thy day of wrath,
such haunce made'st,
That in deuouring
Thou no pittie had'st.

Thou, round about
hast call'd my feared Foes,
As if that firmament
to some feast they were:
VWho in the Day of wrath,
did round enclose,
And shut me so,
that none escaped are.
Yea, those that hate me,
them consumed haue,
To whom, I nourishment,
and breeding gaue.

Lament. 3.

SONG. XXVI.

I Am the *Mew*, who
(scourged in Thy wrath)
Haue in all sorrowes
thoroughly tryed been:
Into obscuritie,
He led me hath;
He brought me thither,
where no light is seene:
And so aduerse
Himselfe to me He shewes,
That all the day
His haad doth me oppose.

My Flesh and Skin with age,
Hee tyred out.
He bruiz'd my bones,
as they had broken bin.
He with a Wall
enclosed me about.
VWith cares and labours
He lath shne me in.
And me to such a place
of darknesse led,
As those are in,
that be for ever dead.

Hee shut me where
I found no passage out,

And there my heemie Chaines
vpon me layd.

More ouer, though
I loudly cryed out,
Heooke no heed at all
for what I prayd:
My Way with hewed stones
He stopped hath,
And left me wandring
in a winding Path.

4
Hce was to mee
like some way-lying Beare,
Or as a Lyon
that doth lurke vnseene.
My course He hindring,
me in pieces tare,
Till I quite ruin'd,
and layd waste had beene.
His Eye He bended,
and that being bent,
I was the mark
at which His Arrow went,

5
His Arrowes from His Quiner
forth He caught,
And through my verie Raines
He made them passe.
Ere mine owne people
set me then at naught;
And, all the day,
their *swearing* song I war.
From Him, my fill
of bitternesse I had;
And me, with Worme-wood
likewise, drunke He made.

6
VVith stones, my teeth
He all to pieces brake;
He, Dust and Althes
ouer me hath strowne,
All rest, He from
my wearie Soule did take,
As if, contentment
I had neuer none,
And then, I cryed,
Oh! I am undone;
All my dependance
on the LORD is gone.

7
Oh minde Thou my afflictions
and my care;
My miseries, my Worme-wood,
and my Gall:
For, they still fresh
in my remembrance are,
And downe in me
my humbled Soule doth fall.
I, this forget not;
And when this I minde,

Some helpe againe,
I doe begin to finde.

8
It is Thy mercie LORD,
that we now see;
For, had Thy pittie fail'd,
not one had liu'd.
The faithfulness is great,
that is in Thee,
And eu'rie morning
it is new reuiu'd.
And LORD such claime
my Soule vnto Thee layes,
That the will euer
trust in Thee, she sayes.

9
For, Thou art kinde
to those that waite Thy will,
And, to their Soules
that after Thee attend.
Good therefore is it,
that in quiet still,
VVe hope that sisetie,
which thou LORD wilt send.
And happie he,
that timely doth enure,
His youthfull necke
the burthen to endure.

10
He downe will sit alone,
and nothing say;
But, since 'tis cast vpon him,
beare it out.
(Yea, though his mouth
vpon the dust they lay)
And while there may be hope,
will not misloue.
His Cheeke to him that smiteth,
offers He;
And is content,
though He reuiled be.

11
For, sure is he
(what euer doth befall)
The LORD will not forsake
for euermore:
But that he hauing punish'd,
pittie shall,
Because he many mercies
hath in store.
For, GOD in plaguing,
take no pleasure can,
Nor willingly
afflicteth any man.

12
The LORD delighteth not
to trample downe,
Those men that here on earth
enthralled are:

Or that a Righteous man
should be o'rethrowne,
VVhen he before the Highst
doth appeare.
Nor is the LORD well-pleased
in the sight,
VVhen he beholds the Wrong,
subuert the Right.

13
Let no man mutter then,
as if he thought
Some things were done
in spite of GODS decrees:
For, all things at his Word
to passe are brought
That either for our good,
or euill be.
VVhy then liues man,
such murmurs to begin?
Oh! let him rather
murmure at his Sin.

14
Our owne lewd courtes,
let vs search and try,
VVe may to Thee againe,
oh LORD conuert.
To GOD, that dwelleth
in the Heau'ns on high,
Let vs (oh let vs)
lift both hand and heart.
For, we haue sinned;
we rebellious were:
And therefore was it,
that thou didst not spare.

15
For this (with wrath o'reshadow'd)
Thou hast chast,
And slaughter made of vs,
without remorse.
Thy selfe obscured
with a cloud Thou hast;
That so our Prayers
might haue no recourse.
And loe, among
the *Heathen- People*, we
As out-casts,
and off-scourings reckon'd be.

16
Our Adversaries all
(and euerie where)
Themselues, with open mouth,
against vs set.
On vs is false
a terror, and a snare,
VVhere ruine hath
with desolation met;
And, for the Daughter
of my Peoples cares,
Mine eyes doe cast forth
Riuulets of teares,

17
Mine eyes perpetually
were ouerflowed;
And yet, there is
no ceasing of my teares.
For, if the LORD
in mercie looks not downe,
That from the Heau'ns
he may behold my cares,
They will not stint.
But, for my Peoples sake,
Mine eyes will weepe,
vntill my heart doth breake,

18
As, when a Bird
is chased to and fro,
My Foes pursued me
when a cause was none:
Into the *Dungeon*
they my life did throw;
And there they rowled
ouer me a stone.
The waters likewise
ouerflow'd me quite;
And then, me thought,
I perished out-right.

19
Yet, on thy Name, oh LORD,
I called there,
(E'en when in that
low *Dungeon* I did lye)
VVhence thou wert pleased
my complaint to heare;
Not slighting me
when I did sighing cry:
That verie day I called,
thou drew'st neare,
And saidst vnto me,
that I should not feare.

20
Thou LORD, my Soule
maintainest in her rights
My Life by Thee
alone redeemed was:
Thou hast, oh LORD,
observed my despite:
Vouchsafe Thy Iudgement
also in my cause:
For, all the grudge they beare me,
Thou hast scene:
And all their plots
that haue against me bene.

21
Thou heard'st what slanders
they against me laid,
And all those mischiefes
they deuiz'd for me:
Thou notest what
their lips of me haue said,

Eu'n what their daily
closest whisperings be ;
And how (when ere they rift
or downe doe lye)
Their Song, and Subject
of their mirth am I.

22

But, LORD, Thou shalt reward
and pay them all,
That meed, their Actions
merit to receiue ;
Thy heauie malediction
ceaze them shall :
Eu'n this, *Sad hearts*
they shall for euer haue ;
And by Thy wrath
purfue they shall be driven,
Till they are chased
out from vnder Heauen.

Lament. 4.
SONG. XXVII.

How dim the Gold doth now appeare !
(That Gold, w^{ch} once so brightly shone)
About the Citie here, and there,
The Sanctuary Stones are throwne.
The Sons of *Sion* late compar'd
To Gold (the richest in esteeme)
Like Potheards, are without regard,
And base as earthen vessels seeme.

The Monsters of the Sea haue care,
Their Breasts vn^{to} their young to giue ;
But crueller my people are,
And *Elfrige*-like in Desarts lye.
With thirst the sucklings to ignes are dry,
And to their parched roothes they cleaue ;
For Bread young Children also cry,
But none at all they can reueue.

Those that were vs'd to daintie fare,
Now in the Streets halfe starued lye ;
And they that once did Scarles weare,
Now dunghill raggs about them lye :
Yea, greater Plagues my Peoples crime
Hath brought on them, then *Sodoms* were,
For, that was sunke in little time,
And no prolonged death was there.

Her *Nazarites*, whose whitenesse was
More pure, then either Milke or Snow ;
Vwhose ruddinesse did *Rubies* passe,
Vwhose veins did like the *Saphire* show,
Now blacker then the Coale are grown,
And in the Streets vnknowne are they ;
Their Flesh is clong vn^{to} the Bone,
And like a Sticke is dri'd away.

Such therefore as the Sword hath staine,
Are farr in better case then those,

Vwho death for want of Food sustaine,
Vwhilest in the fruitfull Field it growes.
For, when my People were distressed,
Eu'n women (that should pittie take)
With their own Hands their children dress'd
That so their hunger they might slake.

The LORD accomplish'd hath his wrath ;
His fierced displeasure forth is powr'd ;
A Fire on *Sion* set he hath,
which eu'n her groundwork hath deuour'd,
VWhen there was neither Earthly King,
Nor, through the whole world, one of all,
Thought any Foe to passe could bring,
That thus *Jerusalem* should fall.

But this hath hapned for the guilt
Of those that haue her *Prophets* bin ;
And those her wicked *Priests*, that spile
The blood of innocents therein :
Along the Streets they stumbling went,
(The blindnesse of these men was such)
And so with blood they were besprent,
That no man would their Garments touch

Depart, depart ; ('twas therefore sed)
From these pollutions get ye far :
So wandring to the *Heathen*, fled,
And said, there was no biding there.
And then the LORD hath now in wrath
Exil'd, and made despised lye ;
Yea, sent their *Priests* and *Elders* hath,
Vwhere none doth honour to them giue.

And, as for vs, our eyes decayde,
VWith watching vaine relieues we haue ;
Cause we expect a *Nations* ayde,
That is vnable vs to saue.

For at our heeles so close they be,
VWe dare not in the Streets appeare,
Our end we therefore comming see,
And know our rooting out is neare.

Our Persecutors follow on,
As swift as *Eagles* of the Skye :
They o're the Mountaines make vs run,
And in the Desarts for vs lye :
Yea, they haue (*brist* our Life) betray'd,
And caus'd him in their Pits to fall ;
(Eu'n him) beneath whose shade, we said,
We lye among the *Heathen* shall.

Oh *Sion*, in the Land of *Hur*,
(Though yet o're vs triumph thou may)
Thou shalt receiue this Cup from vs ;
Be drunke, and hurle thy Cleaues away.

For, when thy punishments for sins,
Accomplish'd oh *Sion* be ;
To visit *Edom* he begins,
And publike make her shame will be.

Lament.

Lament. 3.

SONG. XXVIII.

OH mind thou LORD, our sad distresse;
Behold, and thinke on our reproach:
Our Houses, Strangers doe possesse;
And on our Heritage encroach:
Our Mothers, for their Husbands grieue;
And of our Fathers rob'd are we:
Yea, money we compell'd to giue,
For our owne Wood and Water, be.

In persecution we remaine,
VVhere endlesse labour tyre vs doth;
And, we to serue for Bread, are faine,
To Egypt, and to *Ashur* both:

Our Fathers, err'd; and being gone,
The burthen of their sin we beare:
Eu'n Slaues, the rule o' vs haue won;
And none to set vs free is there.

For Bread, our liues we hazard, in
The perils, which the Deserts threat;
And, like an Oven is our Skin,
Both soil'd, and parch'd for want of meat.

In *Shon*, *Wines* defiled were;
Deflowred were the *Virgins* young,
(Through *Iacob's* Cities euerie where)
And *Princes* by their hands were hung.

Her *Elders* disrespected stood;
Her *Young-men*, they for grinding tookes;
Her *Children* fell beneath the Wood,
And *Magistrates* the Gate forsooke.
Their Musicke, Young-men haue forborne;
Reioycing in their hearts is none:
To mourning doth our dancing turne:
And from our head the Crowne is gone.

Alas, that euer wee did sin!
For therefore seele, our heart these cares:
For that our eyes haue dimmed bin;
And thus the Hill of *Shon* fires.

Such deolation there is seene,
That now th' Foxes play thereon:
But thou for euer, LORD hast bene;
And without ending is thy Throne.

Oh, why are we forgotten thus?
So long time wherefore absent art?
Conuert thy selfe, oh LORD, to vs;
And we to Thee shall soone conuert.

Renue, oh LORD those Ages past,
In which thy fauour we haue seene:
For, we extremely are debas'd,
And bitter hath thine anger bene.

The Prayer of Daniel Dan. 9. 4.

SONG. XXIX.

LORD GOD Almightye,
great, and full of feare,
VWho alwayes art
from breach of promise free,
And neuer failing
to haue mercie there,
VVhere they obserue thy Lawes,
and honour Thee.
VVe haue transgressed,
and amisse haue done;
VVe disobeyed,
and rebellious were:
For, from thy Precepts
we astray are; one;
And we departed
from thy Iudgements are.

VVe did thy Seruants
prophets withstand,
VWho to our *Dukes*,
our *Kings*, and *Fathers* came;
VWhen they to all
the People of the Land,
Proclaimed forth
their message in thy Name.
In Thee, oh LORD,
all righteousnesse appeares,
But publike shame
to vs doth appertaine;
Eu'n as with them
of *Iudah* now it faies,
And those that in
Ierusalem remaine.

Yes as to *Israhel*
now it doth befall,
Throughout thoe *Lands*
in which they scatt'ed be,
For that their great
Transgression, where withall
They haue transgressed,
and offended Thee.
To vs, o' *Kings*, our *Dukes*,
and *Fathers*, doth
Disgrace pertaine (oh LORD)
for angering Thee:
Yet mercie, LORD our GOD,
and pardon both,
To Thee belong,
though we rebellious be.

VVe, did (indeed)
perniciously disobey
Thy voice (oh LORD our GOD)
and would not heare,
To keepe those Lawes
Thou didst before vs lay,
By those Thy Seruants,
who Thy Prophets were:

Eu'n

Eu'n all that of
the race of *Is'el* be,
Against Thy Law,
have grievously misdone,
And that they might not
listen vnto thee,
They backward from Thy voice,
oh LORD, are gone.

On them therefore,
that *Curie*, and *Daib* descended,
VWhich in the Law of *Moses*
written was;
(The Seruant of that GOD
whom we offended.)
And now his speeches
He hath brought to passe.
On vs, and on our *Iudges*,
He doth bring
That *Plague*, wherewith
He threatned vs and them,
For, vnder Heau'n
was neuer such a thing,
As now is false
vpon *Ierusalem*.

As *Moses* written - Law
doth beare record,
Now all this mischief
vpon them is brought.
And yet we prayed not
before the LORD,
That leauing Sin,
we might His Truth be tangle
For which respect,
the LORD in wait hath layd,
That He, ou vs inflict
this Mischief, might.
And sith His holy Word
we disobeyd,
In all His doings
He remains vpright.

But now, oh LORD our GOD,
who from the Land
Of cruell *Egypt*,
brought Thy People hapt;
And by the powre
of Thy Almighty hand,
Athieu'd a Name,
which to this Day doth last.
Though we haue sinned
in committing ill,
Yet LORD (by that
pure Righteousness in Thee)
From Thy *Ierusalem*,
Thy Holy-Hill,
Oh! let Thy wrathfull
anger turned be,

For, through the guilt
of our displeasing Sin,
And for our Fathers faults,
Ierusalem,
(Thy chosen people)
hath despoiled bin;
And are the scorn of all
that neighbour them,
Now therefore,
to thy Seruants prayre encline;
Heare thou his Sniir, oh GOD,
and let Thy Face
(Eu'n for the LORDS deare sake)
vouchsafe to shine
Vpon Thy (now forsaken)
Holy Place.

Thine eares encline Thou
(oh my GOD) and heares;
Lift vp Thine eyes,
and vs, oh looke vpon;
Vs, who forsaken
wich Thy *Citie* are;
That *Citie*, where Thy Name
is called on.
For, we vpon our felous
presume, not thus,
Before Thy petience
our request to make,
For, ought that righteous
can be found in vs;
But, for Thy great
and tender *Mercies* sake.

LORD hence (forgive oh LORD)
and weigh the same:
Oh LORD performe it,
and no more deferre,
(For Thine owne sake my GOD)
For, by Thy Name,
Thy *Citie*, and Thy People
called are.

The Prayer of Ionah. Ionah 2.
SONG. XXX.

IN my distresse
to Thee I cryde, oh LORD,
And Thou wert pleased
my complaint to heare:
Out from the bowels
of the *Grave* I roarde;
And to my voice
Thou didst encline Thine eare:
For, I amid
the raging Sea was cast;
And to the bottome there
Thou plung'd me fast.
The *Floods* did round about me
Circles make:

Thy

Thy waves and billows
over-flow'd me quites
And thou vnto my selfe
(alas) I said,
I am for euermore
depru'd Thy sight:
Yet once againe
Thou pleas'd art, that I
Should to Thy holy Temple
lift mine eye.

Eu'n to my *Soule*
the waters clos'd me bad:
O're-swallow'd by the Deepes
I fast was pent:
About my Head
the weeds a wreath had made:
Vnto the Mountaines bottomes
dewne I went:
And so, that forth againe
I could not get,
The earth an euermlasting
Barre had set.

Then Thou, oh LORD my GOD;
then Thou wert He,
That from corruption
didst my Life defend.
For, when my *Soule*
was like to faint in me,
Thou thither didst
into my thought descend:
And LORD, my prayer
thence to Thee I sent,
VWhich vpward
to Thy holy Temple went.

Those who beleue
in vaine and foolish lyes,
Despisers of their owne
good safetie bee.
But, I will offer vp
the Sacrifice
Of singing prayes,
with my voice, to Thee.
And I will that performe,
which vow'd I haue:
For, vnto Thee belongs it,
LORD, to saue.

The Prayer of Habakuk. Hab. 3.
SONG. XXXI.

LORD, Thy answere I did heare,
And I grew therewith afearde.
VWhen the *Times* at fullest are,
Let Thy Worke be then declarde,
VWhen the Time, LORD, full doth grow,
Then in Anger, Mercie shew.

GOD Almighty, He came downe;
Downe He came from *Themen* ward:
And the matchlesse *Holy One*.
From Mount *Paran* forth appear'd,
Heau'n ore-spredd with His Rayes,
And *Ereb* filling with His prayse.

Sun-like was His glorious Light:
From His Side there did appeare
Beaming Rayes that shined bright:
And His powre He throwd there:
Plagues before His Face He sent:
At His Feet hot Coales there went.

VWhere He stood He measure took
Of the *Earth*, and view'd it well:
Nations vanish'd at His looke:
Ancient *Hills* to powder fell:
Mountaines old fast lower wert:
For, His wayes eternall are.

Cushan Tents I saw diseas'd,
And the *Midian* Curtaines quake.
Haue the *Floods*, LORD, Thee displeas'd?
Did the *Floods* Thee angry make?
VWas it else the *Sea* that hath
Thus prouok'd Thee to wrath?

For, Thou rod'st Thy Horses there,
And Thy *Sinag* Chariots through:
Thou didst make Thy Bow appeare,
And Thou didst performe Thy Vow:
Yea, Thine Oath and Promise past
(To the *Tribes*) fulfilled hath.

Through the *Ereb* Thou Rists didst make;
And the *Riuers* there did flow:
Mountaines, seeing Thee, did shake:
And away the *Floods* did goe.
From the *Deepe* a voice was heard:
And His hands on high He rear'd.

Both the *Sun* and *Moon* made stay,
And remou'd not in their *Spheres*:
By Thine *Arrows* light went they,
By Thy brightly-shining *Speares*:
Thou in wrath the *Land* didst crush,
And in rage the *Nations* thrush.

For Thy *Peoples* safe releefe,
VWith Thy *Christ*, for ayde went'st Thou:
Thou hast also pierc'd the *Chiefe*
Of the sinfull *Household* through,
And display'd them, till made bare
From the *Foes* to *Neck* they were.

Thou, with *lanelines* of their owne,
Didst their Armies *Leader* strike.
For, against me they came downe,
To deuoure me, whelme-winde like.

And

2^d Song. XXXII. XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV.

And they joy in nothing more,
Then vnto spoile the Poote.

Through the Sea Thou madst a Way,
And didst ride Thy Horses there,
VWhere great heapes of water lay.
I, the newes thereof did heare:
And the voice my bowels thooke;
Yes, my Lips a quivering tooke.

Rottensse my bones possesse:
Trembling feare possessed me,
I that cross-bloous Day might see.
For, when His approach be
Onward to the People made,
His strong Troops will them invade.

Bloomesse shall the Fig-tree bee:
And the Olive no Fruit shall yeeld:
Fades shall, then, the Olive-tree:
Meat shall none be, in the Field:
Neither in the Field or Stall,
Flock or Herd continue shall.

Yet, the LORD my ioy shall be:
And, in Him I will delight:
In my GOD that saueth me,
GOD the LORD my onely might,
VWho, my Feet to guides, that
Hinde-like, pace my Places high.

THE HYMNES OF THE
New-Testament.

Magnificat. Luk. 1. 46.

SONG. XXXII.

THAT magnifie the LORD may be,
My Soule now vndertakes;
And in the GOD that saueth me,
My Spirit merrie makes.
For, He rous'd hath to view,
His Hand-maidens poore degree.
And Ipe, All Ages that ensue,
Shall blessed reckon me.

Great things for me TH^e Almighty does,
And Holy is His Name:
From Age to Age His mercie shewes,
On such as feare the same.
He, by His Arms declar'd His might,
And this to passe hath brought,
That now the Proud are put to flight,
By what their hearts haue thought.

The Mighty plucking from their Seat;
Thy Power He placed there;

And for the Hungry takes the meat
From such, as Wealthy are.
But, minding Mercie, He hath shew'd
His Seruant I^sra^el Grace:
As He to our Forefathers vow'd,
To Abraham, and His Race.

Benedictus. Luk. 1. 68.

SONG. XXXIII.

BLeft be the GOD of I^sra^el:
For, He His People bought,
And in His Seruant Dauid's House
Hath great saluation wrought;
As by His Prophets, He foretold,
Since Time began to bee,
That from our Foes we might be safe,
And from our Haters free.

That He might show our Fathers Grace
And beare in minde the same,
VWhich by an Oath He vow'd vnto
Our Father Abraham;
That from our Adversaries freed,
VVe serue Him fearelesse might,
In righteousness, and holinesse,
Our life-time in His sight.

And (of the Highest) Thou, oh Child,
The Prophet I declare,
Before the LORD His face to goe,
His Comming to prepare;
To teach His People, how they shall
That Justice come to know,
VWhich by remission of their Sins,
He doth on them bestow.

For it is through the tender Love
Of GOD alone, whereby
That Day-spring hath to visit vs,
Descended from on High;
To light them who in darknesse sit,
(And in Deaths shade abide)
And in the blessed Way of Peace
Their wandring feet to guide.

The Song of Angels. Luk. 2. 13.

SONG. XXXIV.

THus Angels sang, and thus sing we,
To GOD on High all Glorie be:
Let Him on Earth His Peace bestow,
And vnto Men His Favour shew.

Nunc Dimittis. Luk. 2. 29.

SONG. XXXV.

GRant now in Peace (that by Thy leaue)
I may depart, oh LORD:
For, Thy saluation seems I haue,
According to Thy Word.

That

That which prepared was by Thee,
Before all Peoples sight,
Thy flash renouue to be;
And to the Graces Light.

*The Song of Moses, and the
Lambe. Reuel. 15. 3.*

SONG. XXXVI.

OH Thou LORD, Thou GOD of might;
(VVho dost all things worke aright)
VVharloe're is done by Thee;
Great, and wondrous p'rooets to bee:

True Thy Wayes are, and direct,
Holy King of Saints elect.
And (oh therefore) who is there,
That of Thee retains no leare?

VVho is there that shall denie,
Thy great Name to glorifie?
For Thou, LORD, and Thou alone,
Art the perfect Holy One:

In Thy presence Nations all
Shall to adoration fall.
For Thy Iudgements now appeare
Vnto all men what they are.

*Here end the Hymnes of the
New-Testament.*

The ten Commandments.

Exod. 20.

SONG. XXXVII.

THe great Almighty spake,
And thus said he:

I am the LORD thy GOD,
And I alone
From cruell Egypt thraldome
set thee free:

And other GODS but Me
Thou shalt haue none.

*Haue mercie LORD,
and so our hearts incline,
That we may keepe
this blessed Law of thine.*

Thou shalt not make
an Image to adore,
Of sight on Earth,
above it, or below:

A carued Worke
thou shalt not bow before,
Nor any worship
on the same below.

For, I thy GOD,
a leaious GOD am knowne;
And on their Seed
the Fathers sins correct;
Vntill the third,
and fourth Descent be gone;
But them I alwayes loue,
that me affect.

*Haue mercie LORD
and so our hearts incline,
That we may keepe
this blessed Law of thine.*

The Name of GOD
thou neuer shalt abuse,
By Swearing,
or repeating it in vaine;
For him that doth
his Name prophaneely vse,
The LORD will as
a guiltie-one arraigne.

*Haue mercie LORD,
and so our hearts incline,
That we may keepe
this blessed Law of thine.*

To keepe the Sabbath holy,
beare in mind.
Six dayes thine owne affaires
apply thou to:

The Seauenth is GODS owne day
for rest assign'd,
And thou no kind of worke
therein shalt doe.

Thou, nor thy Child,
thy seruants, nor thy Beasts;

Nor he that Curst is
with thee doth abide;
For, after six dayes labour
GOD did rest:

And therefore he that Day
hath sanctified.

*Haue mercie LORD
and so our hearts incline,
That we may keepe
this blessed Law of thine.*

See, that vnto thy Parents
thou doe giue
Such honour, as the Child
by done owes,
That thou a long
and blessed life maist liue

VVithin the Land,
the LORD thy GOD hathowen.

*Haue mercie LORD
and so our hearts incline,
That we may keepe
this blessed Law of thine.*

Thou shalt be ware,
that thou no man say:

Then

30 Song. XXXVIII XXXIX. XL XLI.

Thou shalt from all
Adulterie be cleere:
 Thou shalt not *steale*
 anothers good away:
 Nor *misuse* false
 against thy Neighbour deare.
 Have mercie LORD
 and so our hearts incline,
 That we may keepe
 This blessed Law of thine.

Which what is thine
 remaining well apoyd:
 Thou shalt not covet
 what thy Neighbours is,
 His House, his Wife,
 his Servants, Man, nor Maid,
 His Ox, nor Ass,
 nor any thing of his.
 Thy mercie LORD,
 thy mercie let vs have,
 And in our hearts
 these Lawes of thine engrave.

The Lords Prayer. Math. 6. 7.

SONG. XXXVIII.

Ov Father which in Heaven art:
 Vve sanctifie thy Name:
 Thy Kingdom come: Thy Will be done
 In Heav'n and Earth the same:
 Give vs this Day our Daily bread:
 And vs Forgive thou so:
 As we on them that vs offend,
 Forgiuenesse doe bestow:
 Into Temptation lead vs not:
 But vs from Evil free.
 Forgive the Kingdom, Power, & Praise,
 Is, and shall ever be.

The Apostles Creed.

SONG. XXXIX.

IN GOD the Father I beleve:
 VWho made all Creatures by his Words:
 And true beleeve: I likewise have
 In Iesus Christ, his Son, our LORD:
 VWho by the Holy Ghost conceiv'd,
 VWas of the Virgin Mary borne:
 VWho meekely Pilas wrongs receiv'd,
 And crucified was with shame.

VWho Dy'd, and in the Grave hath lain:
 VWho did the lowell Pit descend:
 VWho on the third Day rose againe,
 And vp to Heaven did ascend.

VWho at his Fathers right hand there,
 Now throned sits: and thence shall come,
 To take his Seat of Iudgement here:
 And give both quick, & dead their doome.

I in the Holy Ghost beleve,
 The holy Church-Catholike too,
 (And that the Saints Communion have)
 Undoubtedly beleeve I doe.
 I well assured am likewise,
 A pardon for my sins to gaine:
 And that my Faith from death shall rise,
 And everlasting Life obtaine.

A Funerall Song.

SONG. XL.

I Am the Life (the LORD thus saith)
 The Resurrection is through me:
 And whosoere in me hath Faith,
 Shall live, yea, though now dead he be:
 And he for ever shall not dye,
 That living doth on me relye.

That my Redeemer lives I weene,
 And that at last I rayshd shall be
 From Earth, and cover'd with my Skin
 In this my Flesh, my GOD shall see.
 Yea, with these eyes, and these alone,
 Eu'n I my GOD shall looke vpon.

Into the world we naked come,
 And naked backe againe we goe:
 The LORD our wealth receive we from,
 And he doth take it from vs too:
 The LORD both wills, & works the same:
 And blessed therefore be his Name.

From Heav'n there came a voice to me,
 And this it willd me to record:
 The Dead from henceforth blessed be,
 The Dead that dyeth in the LORD:
 The Spirit thus doth likewise say,
 For, from their works at rest are they.

The Song of the three Children.

SONG. XLI.

Oh all you Creatures of the LORD:
 You Angels of the God most high:
 You Heav'n's with what you doe afford:
 And waters all above the sky:
 Bless ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
 And magnifie him evermore.

Of God you everlasting Powers,
 Sun, Moone, & stars, so bright that showe:
 You foking Dewes, you dropping Showres
 And all you wonders of God that blow:
 Bless ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
 And magnifie him evermore.

Thou Fire, and what doth heat containe:
 Cold winter, and thou summer faire:

You

You blustering Stormes of Raile, and Raine;
And thou the Frost-congealing Ayre;
*Blesse ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
And magnifie him evermore.*

Oh praise him both you Ice and Snow;
You Nights and Dayes, doe you the same,
VVith what or Darke or Light doth show,
You Cloudes, and eu'rie shining Flame;
*Blesse ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
And magnifie him evermore.*

Thou Earth, you Mountaines, and you Hills,
And whatsoeuer thereon growes;
You Fountains, Rivers, Springs, and Rills;
You Sea, and all that ebbes, or flows;
*Blesse ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
And magnifie him evermore.*

You VVha'les, and all the VVater yeelds;
You of the Feather'd Ayre-bred;
You Beasts, and Cattel of the Fields;
And you that are of humane Seed;
*Blesse ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
And magnifie him evermore.*

Let Israe'l the LORD confesse;
So let his Priests, that in him trust;
Him let his Seruants also blesse;
Ye, Soules, and Spirits of the iust;
*Blesse ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
And magnifie him evermore.*

You blessed Saints, his prayes tell;
And you that are of humble heart,
VVith Ananias, Misael;
And Azarias (bearing part)
*Blesse ye the LORD, him praise, adore,
And magnifie him evermore.*

The Song of S. Ambrose, or To Deum.

SONG. XLII.

WE praise Thee God, we knowledge thee
To be the LORD, for evermore;
And the eternall Father we,
Throughout the Earth, do thee adore:
All Angels, with all powers within
The compass of the Heavens high,
Both Cherubim, and Seraphim,
To Thee perpetually do cry.

Oh holy, holy, holy-one;
Thou LORD, and GOD of Sabbath rest;
Whose praise, and Majesty alone
Fills Heav'n and Earth, in euerie part:

The glorious Troupe of Angels;
The Prophets Worthie Companie;
The Martyrs Armie-royall etc

Are those, whom thou art praised by.

Thou through the holy Church art known;
The Father of vnbounded power:
Thy worthy, true, and only Sonne;
The Holy-Ghost the Comfortour:
Of Glorie thou, oh Christ, art King;
The Father's Sonne, for evermore;
Who men from endlesse Death to bring,
The Virgin wombe didst not abhor.

VVhen Conquerour of Death thou wert,
Heav'n to the Faithfull openedst thou;
And in the Fathers glorie art
At Gods right-hand enthroned now;
Whence we beleeue, that thou shalt come
To iudge vs in the day of wrath.
Oh, therefore helpe thy Seruants, whom
Thy precious blood Redeemed hath.

Them with those Saints do Thou record,
That gaine eternall glorie may.
Thine Heritage, and People LORD,
Save, blesse, guide, and aduance for aye;
By vs thou daily prais'd hast bin;
And we will praise Thee without end.
Oh, keepe vs, LORD, this day from sin;
And let thy Mercie vs defend.

Thy mercie, LORD, let vs receive,
As we our trust repose in thee:
Oh LORD, in thee I trusted haue,
Confounded neuer let me be.

Athanasius Creed, or Quicunq; vult.

SONG. XLIII.

THose that will stand be must hold,
The true Catholike Faith,
And keepe it wholly, if they would
Escape eternall death.
Which Faith a Trinitie adores
In One, and One in Three:
So, as the Substance being one,
Distinct the Persons be.

One Person of the Father is,
Another of the Sonne;
Another of the Holy Ghost,
And yet their Godhead one;
Alike in glory, and in their
Eternitie as much:

For, as the Father, both the Sonne,
And Holy-Ghost is such.

The Father vncrcreate, and so
The Sonne, and Spirit be;
The Father he is Infinite,
The other two as He.

The Father an Eternall is,
Eternall is the Sonne:
So is the Holy-Ghost, yet, these
Aternally but One.

Nor say we there are Infinites,
Or vncreased Three.
For, there can but one Infinit,
Or vncreased be.
So Father, Sonne, and Holy-Ghost,
All three Almighty are,
And yet, not three Almighty tho,
But only One is there.

The Father likewise GOD and LORD,
And GOD and LORD the Sonne,
And GOD and LORD the Holy-Ghost,
Yet GOD and LORD but One.
For though each Person by himselfe,
We GOD and LORD confesse:
Yet Christian Faith forbids that we
Three GODS or LORDS professe.

The Father not begot, nor made,<
Begot (not made) the Sonne,
Made, nor begot, the Holy-Ghost,
But a Proceeding One.
One Father, not three Fathers then;
One only Sonne, not three;
One Holy-Ghost we do confesse,
And that no more they be.

And lesse, or greater than the rest,
This Trinity hath none;
But they both Coeternall be,
And equal eu'rie one.
He therefore that will saued be,
(As we haue said before)
Must One in Three, and Three in One,
Believe, and still adore.

That Iesus Christ incarnate was,
He must believe with this;
And how that both the Sonne of GOD,
And GOD and Man he is.
GOD, of his Fathers substance part,
Begot ere Time was made:
Man of his Mothers substance borne,
When Time his fullnesse had.

Both perfect God, and perfect Man,
In Soule, and flesh, as we:
The Fathers equall being God:
As Man, beneath is He.
Though God and Man, yet but one Christ:
And to dispose it so,

The Godhead was not turn'd to Flesh,
But Manhood tooke thereto.

The Substance vn-confus'd, He one
In Person doth subsist:
As Soule and Body make one Man,
So God and Man is Christ:
Who sinned, and went downe to Hell,
That we might saued be;
The third day he arose againe,
And Hea^un is ascended he.

At God the Fathers right-hand, there
He sits; and at the Doome,
He to adiudge both quicke and dead,
From thence againe shall come.
Then all men with their flesh shall rise,
And he account require.
Well doers into Blisse shall goe,
The Bad to endlesse Fire.

Veni Creator.

SONG. XLIV.

Come Holy Ghost, the Maker, come;
Take in the Soules of thine thy place;
Thou whom our hearts had being from;
Oh, fill them with thy heavenly Grace.
Thou art that Comfort from above,
The Highest doth by gift impart;
Thou Spring of Life, a Fire of Love,
And the anointing Spirit art.

Thou in thy Gifts art manifold,
GODS right hand finger thou art, LORD;
The Fathers promise made of old;
Our tongues enriching by the word.
Oh! giue our blinded Senses Light;
Shed Love into each heart of ours,
And grant the Soulds feeble plight,
May be enabled, by thy powre.

Far from vs drive away the Feare,
And let a speedie Peace ensue;
Our Leader also be, that so
VVe eu'rie danger may eschew.
Let vs be taught the blessed Word
Of Father, and of Son, by Thee;
And how from Both thou dost proceed,
That our Beliefe it still may be.

To Thee, O Father, and the Sonne;
(Whom past, and present Temp'rales see)
The One in Three, and Three in One,
All glorie be for euermore.

Here ends the first Part of the Hymnes, and Songs
of the CHVRCH.

THE



THE SECOND PART of the HYMNS and SONGS of the CHURCH.

Advent Sunday.

SONG. XLV.

When *Iesus Christ* incarnate was,
To be our *Saviour* then came He;
When into vs he comes by Grace,
Then his beloved spouse are we:
When he from Heav'n descends again,
To be our *Judge* returns he then.

And then, despair will those confound,
That his first *Comming* nought regard;
And those, who till the *Trampes* found,
Consume their *Leasures* unpurs'd:
Curst be those pleasures, cry they may,
Which drove the thought of this away.

The *Jews* abjected yet remains,
That his first *Advent* heeded not;
And those fine *Virgins* knockt in vaine,
Who to provide them oyle forgot:
But safe and blessed those men are,
Who for his *Comming* do prepare.

O let vs therefore watch and pray,
His tymes off *visiting* to know;
And line to faithful, that we may
With him unto his wedding go:
Yea, though at midnight he should call,
Let vs be ready, *Lamper*, and all.

And so provide before that *Feast*,
Which *Christ* his *comming* next doth mind,
That He to come, and be a Guest
Within our *hearts*, may pleasure find:
And we bid welcome with good cheer,
That *Comming* which to many here.

Oh now, LORD *God*, come away,
(Yea, though the world is full of sin)

Oh let thy *Kingdom* come we pray,
Whose coming most too much desire
And grant vs thereof such foresight,
It come not like a Thief by night.

Christmas Day.

SONG. XLVI.

As on the Night
before this blessed Morn,
A troop of *Angels*
unto *Shepherds* told,
Where in a Stable
he was poorly borne,
Where nor the Earth,
nor Heav'n of heav'ns can hold,
Through *Bethlem* rung
This news at their return;
Yea, *Angels* sung,
That GOD WITH VS was born:
And they made mirth,
because we should not mourn.

CHORVS.

Their *Angels* *Caroll* sing we then
To God on high all glory be,
For Peace on Earth beflowed he,
And *shepherd* *Faith* unto men.

This favour *Christ*
vouchsafed for our sake:
To buy vs *Redem*,
He in a Manger lay,
Our *Weakness* took care,
that we his strength might take,
And was disrob'd,
that he might vs array:
Our *Flesh* he wore,
Our *Sins* we wore away;
Our *Christ* he bore,
That we escape it may,

C

And

And wept for vs,
that we might sing for aye.

CHORVS.

With Angels therefore sing aye;
To God on high all glorie be;
For Peace on Earth bestoweth he;
And sheweth Favour vnto Men.

Another for Christmas Day.

SONG. XLVII.

A Song of Ioy
vnto the LORD we sing,
And publish forth
the fauours he hath showne:
VVe sing his praise,
from whom all Ioy doth spring,
And tell abroad
the wonders he hath done;
For such were neuer
since the world begun.

His Love therefore,
oh! let vs all confesse;
And to the Sons of Men
his workes expresse.

As on this Day
the Son of God was borne:
The blessed Word
was then incarnate made;
The LORD, to be a Seruant
held no storne;
The Godhead was
with humane Nature clad;
And Flesh a Throne
about all Angels had.

His Love therefore,
oh! let vs all confesse;
And to the Sons of Men
his workes expresse.

Our Sin and Sorrowes
on himselfe he tooke,
On vs his Blisse and Goodness
to bestow:
To visite Earth,
he Heav'n a while forooke:
And to aduance vs High,
descended Low;
But with the finall Angels
dealt not so.

His Love therefore,
oh! let vs all confesse;
And to the Sons of Men
his workes expresse.

A Maid conceiv'd,
whom Man had neuer knowne:
The Floure was moistned
where to Kaine had bene:
A Virgin the remaine
that had a Sonne:
The Bush did flame
that still remained Greene;
And this befell,
when GOD wish vs was lent.

His Love therefore,
oh! let vs all confesse;
And to the Sons of Men
his workes expresse.

For sinfull Men
all this to passe was brought,
As, long before,
the Prophets had fore-spoke:
So, he that first our shame
and ruine wrought,
Once bruz'd our Heale,
but now his Head is broke:
And he hath made vs whole,
who gaue that stroke.

His Love therefore,
oh! let vs all confesse;
And to the Sons of Men
his workes expresse.

The Lamb hath plaid
deuouring Waters among,
The Morning-Star of Iacob
doth appeare.
From Ieffers Roote
our Tree of Life is sprung,
And all GOD's wordes
(in him) fulfilled are:
Yet, we are slacke
his praises to declare.

His Love therefore,
oh! let vs all confesse;
And to the Sons of Men
his workes expresse.

Circumcision, or New-
yccres-Day.

SONG. XLVIII.

This Day thy Flesh, oh Christ did bleed,
Mark'd by the Circumcision-knife;
Because the Law for man was made,
Requir'd that earnest of thy life.
Thy Drops disin'd that a bowre of blood,
V'ish in thine Agony begun;

And

And that great *showre* foretold the flood,
VVhich from thy *Side* the next Day ran.

Then, through that milder *sacrament*,
Succeeding this, thy Grace inspire;
Yea, let thy smart make vs repent,
And circumcized hearts de re.

For he that either is baptiz'd,
Or circumciz'd in Flesh alone,
Is but as an *uncircumciz'd*,
Or as an *unbaptiz'd* one.

The *yeere* anew we now begin,
And outward guiltis receiv'd have we;
Reave vs also *LORD* within,
And make vs *new-yeeres gifts* for thee:
Yea, let vs with the *past yeere*,
Our old affections cast away;
That we *new-creatures* may appeare,
And to redeeme the Time assay.

Twelve-Day, or the Epiphanie.

SONG. XLIX.

THat so thy blessed birth oh *Christ*,
Might throgh the world be spread about
Thy *star* appeared in the *East*,
VVhereby the *Gentiles* found thee out:
And offering thee *Myrrhe*, *Incense*, *Gold*,
Thy three *sola Office* did unfold.

Sweet *Jesus*, let that *star* of thine,
Thy Grace, which guides to find out thee,
VVithin our hearts for ever shine,
That thou of vs found out maist be:
And thou shalt be our *King* there ore,
Our *Prislt*, and *Prophet* evermore.

Teares that from true repentance drop,
Instead of *Myrrhe* present will we:
For *Incense* we will offer vp
Our *Prayers*, and *Prayses* vnto Thee;
And bring for *Gold* each *pious-deed*,
VVhich coth from *faulcing* Faith proceed.

And as tho'e *wise-Men* neuer went,
To visite *Herod* any more:
So, finding thee, we will repent
Our courses follow'd heretofore;
And, that we homeward may retire,
The Way by Thee we will enquire.

The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

SONG. L.

NO doubt but she that had the Grace,
That in her womb, oh *Christ*, she bore,

And did all woman-kind surpass,
VVas hallow'd by thy being there;
And where the *Fruit* so holy was,
The *Birch* could no pollution cause:

Yet, in obedience to thy Law,
Her *Purifying-rites* were done,
That we might learne to stand in awe,
How from thine ordinance we runne:
For, if we disobediēt be,
Vnpurified Soules haue we.

Oh, keepe vs, *LORD*, from thinking vaine,
What by thy word thou shalt command:
Let vs be sparing to complaine,
On what we do not understand;
And guid thy *Church*, that she may still,
Command according to thy will.

Vouchsafe, that with one ioynt-consent,
We may Thy praises ever sing:
Preserue thy *steeplestee* *Maid* parent,
For which, so many *Lords* do sing.
And grant, that being purifide
From *Sinne*, we may in love abide.

Moreouer, as thy *Mother* went,
(That holy, and thrise blessed *Maid*)
Thee in thy *Temple* to present,
VVith perfect humane flesh arraid:
So, let vs offer'd vp to Thee,
Replenish with thy Spirit be.

Yea, let thy *Church*, our *Mother* deare,
(Within whose wombe new borne we be)
Before thee at her time appeare,
To giue her *Children* vp to Thee;
And take for purified things
Her, and that *Offspring* which she brings.

The first Day of Lent.

SONG. LI.

THy wondrous *Fasting* to record,
And our rebellious flesh to tame,
A *holy Fast* to thee, Oh *LORD*,
We haue intended in thy name:
Oh sanctifie it, we thee pray,
That we may thereby honour Thee;
And, so dispose vs, that it may
To our advantage also be.

Let vs not grudgingly abstaine,
Nor secretly the *Gluttons* play;
Nor openly, for glorie vaine,
Thy *Churches* ordinance obey:
But, let vs *Fast* as thou hast taught,
Thy rule observing in each part,
With such intentions as we ought,
And with true singlenesse of heart.

³
So, thou shalt our *Devotions* blesse,
And make this holy *Discipline*
A means that longing to suppress,
Which keeps our will so cross'd to thine:
And though our strictest *Fastings* faile,
To purchase (of themselves) thy Grace;
Yet they, to make for our avails,
By thy desertings shall haue place.

⁴
True *Fasting* helpfull oft hath bin,
The wanton flesh to mortifie;
But, takes not of the guilt of sin,
Nor can we merit ought thereby:
It is thine *abstinence*, or none,
Which merit fauour for vs must;
For, when our gloriousst works are done,
We perish, if in them we trust.

The Annuntiation of Mary.

SONG. LII.

¹
O V^r hearts, Oh blessed God, incline,
Thy true affection to embrace;
And that humilitie of thine,
Which for our sakes vouchsafed was,
Thy *Goodnesse* teach vs to put on,
As with our Nature thou wert clad;
And so to mind what thou hast done,
That we may praise Thee and be glad.

²
For thou not only held'st it meet
To send an Angell from above,
An humble Maid on earth to greet,
And bring the Message of thy Loue:
But, laying (as it were) aside,
Those Glories none can comprehend,
(Nor any mortall eies abide)
Into her Wombe thou didst descend.

³
Bestow thou also thy respect,
On our despis'd and low degree;
And *Lord*, oh, do not vs neglect,
Though worthy of contempt we be:
But, through thy Messengers prepare,
And hallow so our hearts, we pray,
That (thou conceiv'd being there)
The fruits of Faith bring forth we may.

Palmes Sunday.

SONG. LIII.

¹
When *Iesus* to *Ierusalem*,
(And there to suffer) rode;
The People all the way for him,
With *Palmes* and *Garments* bry'd;

And though he did fall meekely ride,
And poorly on an Ass,
Hosanna to the *King*, they cryde,
As he along did passe.

²
His glorie, and his royall right,
(Eu'n by a power Diuine)
As if in worldly pomps despoight,
Through poverty did shine:
And though the greater fort did frowne,
He exercis'd his powre,
Till he himselfe did lay it downe,
At his appointed houre.

³
Possession of his *House* he got,
The Marchants thence expel'd;
And, though the *Priests* were mad therat,
His Lectures there he held.
Oh / how should any be so dull,
To doubt who this might be!
When they did things so wonderfull,
And workes so mightie see.

⁴
Lord, when to vs thou drawest night,
Instru't vs Thee to know;
And to rectifie Thee ioyfully,
How meane so e're in show:
Yea, though the rich and Worldly-wise,
When we thy praises sing,
Both Thee and vs, therefore, despise,
Be thou appren'd our *King*.

Thursday before Easter.

SONG. LIV.

¹
A Holy *Sacrament* this Day
To vs thou did'st, oh *LORD*, bequeath;
That by the same preserue we may,
A blest memoriall of thy *Death*;
Vvhereof, oh, let vs so partake,
Vv'e may with Thee one Body make.

²
Thy Holy *Supper* being done,
(The last which thou vouchsafed'st here)
By Thee the Feast of an'tie one
Of thy *Disciples* walhed were;
To which *Mumies* of thine,
Our haunts minds do thou encline.

³
The rest of that Day thou did'st vie,
To pray, to comfort, and aduise;
None might (when thou wert gone) abate
Thy Friends, or make of them a prize:
Yet, when thy pleasure thou had'st said,
By one of thine thou wert betray'd.

⁴
And let, that night they all did see,
Vvho sat so lightly by thy side,
Eu'n

Eu'n he, that for thy love would dye,
 VVith oathes, and curses, thee denide;
 VVhich to thy Soule more nigh did go,
 Then all the wrongs thy Foes could do.

Sweet *Iesu* teach vs to conceiue,
 How neere vnto thy heart it strooke,
 VVhen thy *Beloued* thee did leaue,
 And thou didst backe vpon him lookes;
 We may hercafter nigh thee keepe,
 And for our past denials weepe.

Yea, let each passage of this Day
 Within our hearts be grauen so,
 That mind them we for euer may
 And still thy promise trust vnto:
 So our affections shall to thee,
 In life, and death vnchanged be.

Friday before Easter.

SONG. LV.

YOn that like heedlesse *strangers*
 passe along,
 As if nought here
 concerned you to day;
 Draw nigh, and heare
 the saddest *Psalion* Song,
 That euer you did meet with
 in your way:
 So sad a *Storie*
 we're was told before,
 Nor shall there be the like
 for euermore.

The greatest *King*
 that euer wore a *Crowne*,
 More then the basest *Passant*
 was abus'd;
 The truest *Louer*
 that was euer knowne,
 By them he lou'd
 was most vnkindly vs'd:
 And he that liu'd
 from all transgressions cleare,
 VVas plagu'd for all the sinns
 that euer were.

Eu'n *They*, in pittie
 of whose fall be wept,
 VVrought for his ruine,
 whilst he sought their good;
 And watched for him
 when they should haue slept,
 That they might quench
 their malice in his blood:
 Yet (when their hands from him
 he could haue throwne)

To saue their liues,
 he daign'd to loose his owne.

Those, in whose hearts
 compassion should haue been,
 Insulted e're his poore
 afflicted Soule;
 And those that nothing ill
 in him had seen,
 (As guiltie) him accus'd
 of *Treason* soule:
 Nay, him (that neuer had
 one idle thought)
 They for blaspheming
 vnto Iudgement brought.

VVhere, some to aske him
 vaine demands begin;
 And some to make a sport
 with him deuise:
 Some at his answers
 and behaviour grin;
 And some do spit
 their filth into his Eyes;
 Some giue him blowes,
 some mocke, and some reuile;
 And he (*good heart*)
 sits quiet all the while.

Oh, that where such a throng
 of men should be,
 No heart was found
 so gentle to relent!
 And that so good
 and meake a *Louder* as *He*,
 Should be so vs'd,
 and yet no teare be spent!
 Sure, when once malice
 fills the heart of man,
 Nor Stone, nor Steele
 can be so hardned than.

For, after this,
 his cloathes from him they stripe,
 And then, as if some *Slave*
 this LORD had been,
 VVith cruell Rods and scourges
 him they whipt,
 Till wounds were ouer
 all his body seen:
 In Purple clad,
 and crown'd too with Thorne,
 They set him forth,
 and honour'd him in scorne.

And, when they saw him
 in so sad a plight,
 As might haue made
 a *Sinners* heart to bleed,

They not a whit recasted
at the sight;
But in their hellish faerie
did proceed:
Away with him,
Away with him, they said:
And Crucifie him,
Crucifie him, cride.

A *Crosse* of Wood,
that huge, and heauie was,
Vpon his bloodie shoulders
next they lay,
VWhich onward
to his *Execution-place*
He carri'd;
till he fainted in the way:
And when he thither
weake and tyred came,
To giue him rest
they sayd him to the same.

Oh I could we but
the thousand part relate,
Of those Afflictions,
which they made him beare,
Our hearts with Passion
would dissolve thereat,
And we should sit
and weepe for ever here,
Nor should we glad againe
hereafter be,
But that we hope
in Glorie him to see.

For, while vpon the *Crosse*
he payned hang,
And was with Soule tormentings
also greued,
(Farre more, then can be told
by any tongue,
Or in the hearts of mortals
be conceiued)
Those, for whose sake
he vnderwent such paine,
Reioyced thereat,
and held him in disdain.

One offered to him
Vine, and Gall;
A second did
his pious workes deride;
To dieing for his Robes
did others fall,
And many mock'd him
when to GOD he cride,
Yet he, as they his paine
still more procur'd,
Still lou'd, and for their good
the more endur'd.

But, though his matchlesse *Zone*
immortall were,
It was a mortall Bodie
he had on,
That could no more
then mortall Bodies beare:
The'r malice therefore
did preuaile thereon:
And loe, their vtmost furie
hauing tride,
This *Lambs of GOD*
gaue vp the Ghost, and dide.

Vwhose Dea h,
though cruell vnderlenting Man
Could view,
without bewailing, or affright:
The *sunne* grew darke,
the *Earth* to quake began,
The *Temple-vault*
did rend asunder quite:
Yea, hardest *Roskes*
therewith in peece brake,
And *Graves* did open,
and the *Dead* awake.

Oh therefore,
let vs all that Present be,
This *Innocent*
with moued Soules embrace:
For, this was our *Redeemer*,
this was he,
VWho thus for our vkindnesse
vied was:
Eu'n He, the cursed *Iewes*
and *Pilates* slew,
Is he alone,
of whom all this is true.

Our sins of *spight*
were part of those that Day,
Vwhose cruell *Whips* and *Thornes*
did make him smart:
Our *Asses* were those
that ty'rde him in the way:
Our *woes of Loue*
was that which pierc'd his heart:
And still when we forget,
or sleight his paine,
VVe crucifie
and torture him againe.

Easter-Day.

SONG. LVI.

This is the Day the LORD hath made,
And therein is full we will be

For,

For, from the blacke infernall shade,
In triumph backe return'd is He :

The snares of *Saiav*, and of *Death*,
He hath victoriously yndone,
And fast in Chaines he bound them hath,
His triumph to attend vpon.

The *Graue*, which all men did detest,
And held a Dungeon full of feare,
Is now become a Bed of reit,
And no such terrors find we there.

For, *Iesu Christ* hath tooke away
The horror of that loathed *Pis*;
Eu'n ever since that glorious day,
In which himselfe came out of it.

His *Mockings*, and his bitter *Smarts*,
He to our praise and ease doth turne,
And all things to our ioy conuerts,
VVhich he with heauie heart hath borne :

His *broken Flesh* is now our Food,
His *Blood* he lieth, is ever since, (good,
That *Drinke*, which doth our Soules most
And that which shall our foulness cleane.

Those *Wounds* so deepe, and torne so wide,
As in a *Rocke*, our shelters are;
Tear, which they pierced through his side,
Is made a *Dow-hole* for his *Deare*;

Yea, now we know, as was foretold,
His *Flesh* did no corruption see;
And that *Hell* wanted strength to hold
So strong, and one so blest as He.

Oh, let vs praise his *Name* therefore,
(VWho thus the vpperhand hath won)
For, we had else, for euermore
Been lost, and vtterly yndone :

VVheras this *Faueur* doth allow,
That we with boldness thus may sing;
Oh *Hell*, where is thy conquest now?
And thou (oh *Death*) where is thy sting?

Ascension Day.

SONG. LVII.

TO GOD, with heart and cheerfull voice,
A *Triumph Song* we sing;
And with true thankfull hearts reioyce,
In our *Almightie King*;
Yea, to his glory we record,
(Who were but dust and clay)
What honor he did vs afford,
On his *Ascending day*.

The *Human Nature*, which of late,
Beneath the *Angels* was;
Now raised from that meane state,

Above them hath a place;
And at mans Feet all Creatures bow,
Which through the whole world be;
For, at GODS right-hand thrust now,
In Glory sitteth He.

Our LORD, and *Brother*, who hath on
Such flesh, as this we weare,
Before vs vnto Heauen is gone,
To get vs places there;
Captiuitie was captiu'd then,
And he doth from aboute
Send ghostly presents downe to man,
For tokens of his *Love*.

Each *Dore* and *Euerlasting Gate*,
To him hath lifted bin;
And in a glorious wise thereat,
Our *King* is entred in;
VVhom if to follow we regard,
VVith ease we safely may;
For he hath all the meanes prepar'd,
And made an open way.

Then follow, follow on a pace,
And let vs not forgoe
Our *Captaine*, till we win the place,
That he hath scald vnto;
And for his honour, let our voice
A shout so heartie make,
The *Heavens* may at our mirth reioice,
And *Earth*, and *Hell* may shake.

Pentecost Or Whitsunday.

SONG. LVIII.

EXceeding faithfull in thy Word,
And iust in all thy waies,
VVe doe acknowledge thee, oh LORD,
And therefore gite thee praise:
For, as thy promise thou didst passe,
(Before thou wast't away)
Sent downe thy *Holy-Spirit* was,
At his appointed day.

VVhile thy *Disciples* in thy *Name*,
Together did retire,
The *Holy-Ghost* vpon them came,
In *Clouen Tongues* of Fire,
That in their calling they might be
Confirmed from *Above*,
As thou wert, when he came on thee,
Defending like a Dove.

VVhereby those men that simple were,
And fearefull till that houre,
Had knowledge at an instant there,
And bouldnesse arm'd with powre.

Receiuing gifts so manifold,
That (since the world began)
A wonder seldome hath been told,
That could exceed this one.

Now also, blessed *Spirit*, come;
Vnto our Soules appeare;
And of thy Graces shewre thou some
On this *Assembly* here:
To vs thy *Dove-like* meekenesse lend,
That humble we may be,
And on thy Silver wings ascend,
Our Saniour *Christ* to see.

Oh, let thy *Clasped Tongues*, we pray,
So rest on vs agen,
That both thy Truth confesse we may,
And teach it other men.
Moreouer, let thy heavenly *Fire*
(Enflamed from above)
Burne vp in vs each vaine desire,
And warme our hearts with love.

Vouchsafe thou likewise to bestow
On vs thy Sacred *Peace*,
VVe stronger may in Vnion grow,
And in debates decrease:
VWhich *Peace* though many yet contemne,
Reformed let them be,
That we may (*LORD*) haue part in them,
And they haue part in thee.

Trinitie Sunday.

SONG. LIX.

These, oh, thrise holy *Three* in *One*,
VWho seeke thy Nature to explaine,
By rules to humane Reason knowne,
Shall find their labour all in vaine:
And in a Shell they may intend,
The Sea, as well, to comprehend.

VWhat therefore no man can conceiue,
Let vs not curious be to know:
But, when thou bid'st vs to beleeue,
Let vs obey, let Reason goe:
Faith's objects true, and surer be,
Then those that *Reasons* eyes do see.

Yet, as by looking on the *Summe*,
(Though to his substance we are blind)
And by the course we see him run,
Some *Notions* we of him may find:
So, what thy *Brightnesse* doth concealr,
Thy *Word*, and *Workes* in part reueale.

Most glorious *Essence*, we confesse
In Thee (whom by our Faith we view)

Three *Persons*, neither more nor lesse,
VWhose workings them distinctly shew:
And sure we are, those *Persons Three*
Make but our *GOD*, and thou art He.

The *Summe* a Motion hath we knowe,
VWhich *Motion* doth beget vs Light;
The *Heate* proceedeth from those *Two*,
And each doth proper acts delight:
The *Motion* drawes out Time a Line,
The *heate* doth warme, the light doth shine.

Yet, though this *Motion*, *Light*, and *Heate*,
Distinctly by themselves we take,
Each in the other hath his seat,
And but one *Summe* we see they make:
For, whatsoe're the *One* will do,
He workes it with the other *Two*.

So, in the *God-head* there is knit
A wondrous threefold *True-Issue-knot*,
And perfect *Union* fastens it,
Though Flesh and blood perceiue it not:
And what each *Person* doth alone,
By all the *Trinitie* is done.

Their *Workes* they jointly doe pursue,
Though they their *Offices* diuide;
And each one by himselfe hath due
His proper *Attributes* beside:
But one in *Substance* they are still,
In *Person* one, and one in *Will*.

Eternall all the *Persons* be,
And yet *Eternall* there's but *One*;
So likewise *Infinite* all *Three*,
Yet *Infinite* but *One* alone:
And neither *Person* ought doth misse,
That of the *God-heads Essence* is.

In *Paire* and *Trinitie*,
Thus, oh *Creator*, we adore
Thy euer-praised *Deitie*,
And thee confesse for euermore,
One *Father*, one *begotten Sonne*,
One *Holy-Ghost*, in *God-head* one.

Sunday in generall.

SONG. LX.

Six daies, oh *LORD*, the world to make,
And set all Creatures in aray,
VWas all the leasure thou would'st take,
And then did'st rest the Seauenth day:
That day thou therefore halloyyed hast,
And rightly, by a Law Diuine;
(VWhich till the end of Time shall last)
The seauenth part of Time is thine.

2 Then

Then, teach vs willingly to giue
The tribute of our daies to Thee;
By whom we now both moue, and liue,
And haue attain'd to what we be.

For, of that *Rest*, which by thy Word
Thou hast been pleas'd to enioyne,
The profit all is ours, oh LORD,
And but the praise alone is thine.

Oh, therefore let vs not consent,
To rob thee of thy *Sabbath day*;
Nor rest with carnall *Rest* content,
But sanctifie it all we may.

Yes, grant that we from sinfull strife,
And all those workes thou dost detest,
May keep a *Sabbath* all our life,
And enter thy *Eternall rest*.

Saint Andrews Day.

SONG. LXI.

As blessed *Andrew* on a day,
By fishing did his living earne,
Christ came, and called him away,
That he to fish for men might learne;
And no delay threat he made,
Nor questions fram'd of his instant,
But quite forsaking all he had,
Along with him, that cald, he went.

Oh, that we could so readie be,
To follow *Christ* when he doth call!
And that we could forsake, as he,
Those Nets, that we are fast'd withall;
Or would this *Fiserman* of men,
(VWho set by all he had so light)
By his obedience shew'd then,
(And his example) win vs might.

But Precepts and Examples faile,
Till thou thy Grace, LORD, adde thereto;
Oh grant it, and we shall preuaile,
In whatsoe'r thou bid'st vs do:

Yes, we shall then that blisse conceiue,
VWhich in thy seruice we may find;
And for thy sake be glad to leaue
Our Nets, and all we haue behind.

Saint Thomas Day.

SONG. LXII.

When *Christ* was risen from the dead,
And *Thomas* of the same was told,
He would not credit it, he sed,
Though he himselfe should him behold,

Till he his wounded hands had side,
And thrust his fingers in his side.

VWhich triall he did vndertake,
And *Christ* his frailtie did permit,
By his distrustful sure to make
Such others, as might doubt of it:
So we had right, and he no wrong;
For by his weaknesse both are strong.

Oh blessed GOD, how wise thou art!
And how confoundest thou thy Foes!
VWho their temptations dost conuert,
To worke those ends which they opposer
VWhen *Satan* seeks our Faith to shake,
The firmer he the same doth make.

Thus whatsoe'r he tempts vs to,
His disadvantage let it be;
Yes, make these verie sins we do,
The means to bring vs acarer thee:
Yet, let vs not to ill consent,
Though colour'd with a good intent.

Saint Stephens Day.

SONG. LXIII.

LORD, with what zeale
did thy first *Martyr* broue
Thy blessed Truth,
to such as him withstood!
VWith what stout mind
embraced he his death!
A holy witnesse
sealing with his blood!
The praise is thine,
that him so strong did'st make,
And blest is he,
that died for thy sake.

Vnquenched love
in him appear'd to be,
VWhen for his murth'rous Foes
he did entreat:
A piercing Eye
made bright by Faith had he;
For he beheld thee
in thy Glorie set;
And so vntrou'd
his patience he did keep;
He di'de, as if he had
but false asleepe.

Our lake-warme hearts
with his hot Zeale enflame,
So Constant, and so Louing
let vs be;
So let vs lining
glorifie thy Name;

43 Song. LXIV. LXV. LXVI. LXVII.

So let vs dying
fixe our Eyes on Thee:
And when the sleepe of Death
thall vs o'retake,
VVith him to Life eternall
vs awake.

Saint Iohn the Euangelist.

SONG. LXIV.

TEach vs by his example, LORD,
For whom vs honour thee to Day,
And grant his witness of thy Word,
Thy Church enlighten euer may:
And, as belou'd, oh Christ, he was,
And therefore leane on thy breast;
So let vs also in thy Grace,
And on thy Sacred bosome rest.

Into vs breath that Life Divine,
VVhose Testimonie he intends;
About vs cause thy Light to shine,
That which no Darknesse comprehends:
And let that euer blessed Word,
VVhich all things did create of nought,
Anew create vs now, oh LORD,
VVhose ruine sin hath almost wrought.

Thy holy Faith we do prolesse,
Vnto thy Fellowship receive;
Our Sins we heartily confesse,
Thy Pardon therefore let vs haue:
And, as to vs thy Seruants gives
Occasion thus to honour Thee;
So also, let our Words and Lines,
As Lights and Guides to others be.

Innocents Day.

SONG. LXV.

THatrage whereof the Paine doth say,
Why are the Gentiles growne so mad?
Appeare'd in part vpon that day,
VVhen Herod slaine the Infants had:
Yet (as it saith) they storm'd in vaine;
(Though many Innocents they slew)
For, Christ they purpos'd to haue slaine,
Who all their Counsells overthrow.

Thus still vouchsafe thou to restrain
All Tyrants, LORD, pursuing thee;
Thus, let our vast desires be slaine,
That thou maist liue in vs be:
So, whilst we shall enioy our breath,
VVe of thy loue our Songs will frame;
And with those Innocents, our death
Shall also glorifie thy Name.

In type these Many di'de for One;
That One for many moe was slaine;
And what they felt in Act alone,
He did in Will, and Act sustaine.
Lord grant, that what thou hast decreed,
In Will, and Act we may fulfill;
And, though we reach not to the Deed,
From vs, oh God, accept the Will.

The conuersion of Saint Paul.

SONG. LXVI.

A Blest Conuersion, and a strange,
VVas that, when Saul a Paul became;
And, LORD, for making such a change,
VVe praise and glorifie thy Name:
For whilst he went from place to place
To persecute thy Truth and Thee;
(And running to perdition was)
By powerfull Grace cal'd backe was he.

VVhen from thy Truth we goe astray,
(Or wrong it through our blinded zeale)
Oh come, and stop vs in the waie,
And then thy Will to vs reueale:
That Brightnesse shew vs from above,
VVhich proues the sensuall eie-sight blind;
And from our Eyes those Scales remove,
That hinder vs the Way to find.

And as thy blessed Seruant Paul,
VVhen he a Conuert once became,
Exceeded thy Apostles all,
In painfull preaching of thy Name:
So grant that those who haue in Sin
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them in Faith may win,
Lone, serue, and honour thee the more.

Saint Matthias.

SONG. LXVII.

WHen one among the Twelve there was
That did thy Grace abuse;
Thou left'st him LORD, and in his place,
Did'st iust Matthias chuse:
So, if a Traitor doe remaine
Within thy Church to day;
To grant him true repentance daigne;
Or cast him out, we pray.

Though horned like the Lambe he shew,
Or Sheepe like clad he be,
Let vs his Dragon language know,
And Wooluish nature lee:
Yea, cause the Los to fall on those,
The charge of thine to take,

That

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That shall their Actions well dispose,
And conscience of them make.

Let vs moreover minde his fall,
VVhose roome *Matthias* got;
So to beleue, and feare withall,
That we forsake thee not:
For, *Tyler*, be they ne're so high,
Or great, or Sacred Place,
Can no mans Person sanctifie,
VVithout thy speciall Grace.

Saint *Markes* Day.

SONG. LXVIII.

For those blest *Pen-men* of thy Word,
VVho haue thy holy *Gospel* writ,
VVe praise and honour Thee, oh LORD,
And our beleefe we build on it:
Those happie Tydings which it brings,
VVith ioyfull hearts we do embrace,
And prize, aboue all other things,
That precious Token of thy Grace.

To purchase what we hope thereby,
Our vtmost wealth we will bestow;
Yea, we our pleasures will deny,
And let our liues, and honours go:
And, whomsoever it cometh from,
No other *Gospel* we will beare;
No, though an *Angel* down should come,
From Hea'ns, we would not giue him care.

Our Resolutions, LORD, are such,
But in performance weak are we;
And the *Deceitners* craft is much;
Our *Seruant* therefore, thou must be:
So we assuredly shall know,
VVhen any *Dollines* we receive,
If they agreeing be, or no,
To those, which we professed haue.

Saint *Philip* and *Iacob*.

SONG. LXIX.

To thy *Apostles* thou hast taught,
VVhat they, oh *Christ*, should do;
And those things which beloeue they ought
Of thee they learned to:
And that which thou to them hast showne,
Hath been disposed thus;
They vnto others made it knowe,
And those haue told it vs.

VVith them we doe confesse and say,
(VVhat shall not be denide)
Thou art the *Tyrb*, the *List*, the *Way*,
And we in thee will bide:

By thee the *Father* we haue knowne,
VVhom thou descendedst from;
And vnto him, by thee alone,
VVe haue our hope to come.

For, thou to *Philip* didst impart,
(VVhich our beleefe shall be)
That thou within the *Father* art,
And, that he is in Thee;
And saidst, what euer in thy Name
VVe should with Faith require,
Thou wouldst giue care vnto the same,
And grant vs our desire.

Of thee, oh LORD, we therefore craue,
(VVhich thou wilt daigne, we know)
The good *Beleefe* which now we haue,
VVe neuer may forgoe;
And that the Sacred Truth, which we
Thy Word haue learned from,
From Age to Age deri'd may be,
Vntill thy *Kingdome* come.

Saint *Barnabas* Day.

SONG. LXX.

Thy gifts and graces manifold,
To many men thou, LORD, hast lent,
Both now, and in the daies of old,
To teach them Faith, and to repent:
Thy *Prophets* thou didst first ordaine,
And they as *Legats* did appeare;
Then cam'st thy *selfe*, and in thy *Traine*
Apostles for attendants were.

For *Legier*, when thou went'st away,
The Holy Ghost thou didst appoint;
And here *Successors*, till this day,
Remains of those he did anoint;
Yea, thou hast likewise to ordain'd,
That to make good what those haue taught
An *Armie-Royal* was maintain'd
Of *Martyrs*, who thy Battels fought.

For those, and Him, for whom we thus
Are met, to praise thy Name to day,
VVe giue thee thanks, as they for vs,
That should come after them, did pray:
And by this dutie we declare,
Our Faith assures, that they and we
(In Times diuided though we are)
Haue one *Communion* still with Thee.

Saint *Iohn Baptist*.

SONG. LXXI.

Because the world might not pretend,
It knew not of thy *Coming* day,
Thou

Thou didst, oh *Christ*, before thee send
A *Cryer*, to prepare thy way:
Thy *Kingdom* was the Bliss he brought,
Repentance was the Way he taught.

And, that his *Voice* might not alone
Inform vs what we should believe,
His *Life* declar'd what must be done,
If There we purpose to receive:
His *Life* our pattern therefore make,
That we the Course he took may take.

Let vs not gad to *Pleasures* Court,
With fruitlesse *Toyes* to feede the mind;
Nor to that *Wildernesse* resort,
Where *Reeds* are shaken with the wind:
But tread the Path he trod before,
That both a *Prophet* was, and more.

Clad in repentant *Cloath of Hair*,
Let vs, oh *Christ*, (to seek out Thee)
To those forsaken *Walkes* repaire,
Which of so few frequented be,
And true *Repentance* so intend,
That we our courses may amend.

Let vs hereafter lead vpon
The *Hony* of thy *Word* diuine;
Let vs the Worlds entisement shun;
Her *Drugs*, and her bewitching *Wine*;
And on our *Leynes* (so loose that are)
The *Leather-Bit* of *Temperance* wear.

Thus from thy *Cryer* let vs learne,
For thee, sweet *Iesus*, to prepare,
And others of their sins to warne,
How-euer for the same we care:
So thou to *Ps*, and we to *Thee*
Shall when thou comest welcome be.

Saint Peters Day.

SONG. LXXII.

How watchfull need we to become,
And how deuoutly pray,
That thee, oh *LORD*, we fall not from,
Vpon our *Trial-Day*?
For, if thy great *Apostle* said,
He would not thee deny,
VWhom he that verie *Night* denyd,
On what shall we rely?

For of our selues we cannot leaue
One pleasure for thy sake;
No, not one vertuous thought conceiue,
Till vs thou able make:
Nay, we not only Thee denie,
VWhen persecutions be;
But, or forget, or from Thee flie,

VWhen Peace attends on Thee.

Oh! let those *Prayers* vs assaile,
Thou didst for *Peter* daigoe,
That when our *Foe* shall vs assaile,
His labour may be vaine:
Yes, cast on vs those powerfull *Eies*,
That mou'd him to lament,
VVe may bemoane with bitter cries
Our *Follies*, and repent.

And grant, that such as Him succeed,
For *Peasants* of thy Fold,
Thy *Sheepe*, and *Lambs* may guid and feed;
As thou appoint'st they should;
By his example speaking what
They ought in truth to say,
And in their lines confirming that
They teach them to obey.

Saint James his Day.

SONG. LXXIII.

HE that his Father had forsooke,
And followed *Christ* at his commands,
By humane frailtie ouerooke,
For *Place* and vaine preferment stands,
Till by his *Master* he was taught,
Of what he rather should haue care;
How vndiscreetly he had sought,
And what his *Servants* honors are.

VWhereby we find how much adoe,
The best men haue this world to leaue;
How, when they *Wealth* & *Friends* forgoe,
Ambitious aimes to them will cleaue:
And sure this *Angell-sin* aspires,
In such men chiefly to reside,
That haue exile those braut desires,
VWhich in the vulgar sort abide.

To thee, oh *GOD*, we therefore pray,
Thy humble mind in vs may dwell;
And chame that *Fiend* of *Pride* away,
VWhich would thy *Graces* quite expell:
But, of all other, those men keepe,
From this *Delusion* of the *Foe*,
VWho are the *Shepherds* of thy *Sheepe*,
And should each good example show.

For, such as still pursuing be
That greatness, which the world respects;
Their seruile baseness neither see,
Nor feels thy *Spirits* rare effects:
And doubtlesse, they, who most of all
Descend to serue both Thee, and thine,
Are those, who in thy *Kingdome* shall
In *Seats* of greatest glory shine.

Sings

Saint *Bartholomew*.

SONG. LXXIV.

EXceeding gracious Favours, LORD,
To thy *Apostles* hast thou Show'ed;
And many wonders by thy *Word*,
And in thy *Name*, by them were done:
The *Blind* did see, the *Dumbe* could talke,
The *Deafe* did heare, the *Lame* did walke:

They all *Distresses* tooke away,
The *Dead* to life they did restore;
Foule *Spirits* dispossessed they,
And *Preach'd* the *Gospel* to the poore:
The *Church* grew strong, thy faith grew plain
Their *Foes* grew mad, and mad in vaine.

Oh! let their works for ever be
An honour to thy glorious *Name*;
And by thy pow'r vouchsafe that we,
(Who sin makes *deafe*, *blind*, *lame*, &c.)
May heare thy *Word*, and see thy *Light*,
And speake thy *Truth*, and walke aright.

Each deadly sicknesse of the Soule,
Let thy *Apostles* Doctrines cure:
Let them expell those *Spirits* foule,
VWhich makes vs loathsome and impure,
That we the life of Faith may gaine,
VWho long time dead in sin haue laine.

Saint *Mathew*.

SONG. LXXV.

WHY should vnchristian censures passe
On men, or that which they profess?
A *Publican* Saint *Mathew* was,
Yet GOD's beloued ne're-the-lesse,
And was elected one of *Christ's*
Apostles, and *Euangelists*:

For, GOD doth not a whit respect
Profession, *Person*, or *Degree*;
But maketh choice of his Elect,
From euery sort of men that be,
That none might of his loue despaire,
But all men vnto him repaire.

For these, oh let vs therefore pray,
VWho seeme vnalled to remaine;
Not shunning them, as cast away,
GOD's fauour neuer to obtaine:
For some a while neglected are,
To stir in vs more louing care.

And for our selues, let vs desire,
That we our *Au'rice* may shun,
VWhen GOD our seruise shall requir,

As this *Euangelist* hath done,
And spend the remnant of our daies,
In setting forth our *Masters* praise.

Saint *Michael*, and all *Angels*

SONG. LXXVI.

TO praise, oh GOD, and honour thee,
For all thy glorious Triumphs won,
Assembled here this Day are we,
And to declare thy Favours done:
Thou took'st that great *Arch-angels* part,
VWith whom in Heau'n the *Dragons* fought,
And that good *Armies* Friend thou wert,
That cast him, and his *Angels* out:

VWhereby we now in safetie are,
Our dangers all secured from;
For to encrease thy Glorie here,
Thy *Kingdome* with great power is come:
And we need stand in dread no more,
Of that enraged *Fierces* despight,
VWho, in thy presence heretofore,
Accused vs both day and night.

In honour of thy blessed *Name*,
This *Hymne* of thanks we the more sing;
And to thine everlasting fame, (sing)
Through Heau'n thine endless praise shall
VVe praise thee for thy proper might,
And, LORD, for all those *Angels* to,
VWho in thy Battels came to fight,
Or haue been sent thy will to do.

For, many of that glorious *Troop*,
To bring vs *Messengers* from Thee,
From Heau'n vouchsafed haue to *Roops*,
And clad in hamas shape to be;
Yea, we beleene they watch and ward,
About our persons euermore,
From euill *Spirits* vs to guard,
And we returne thee praise therefore.

Saint *Luke*.

SONG. LXXVII.

IF those *Physicians* honour'd be,
That do the bodies health procure,
Then worthy double praise is he,
VWho can both Soule and body cure.
In life time both waies *Luke* exceld,
And those *Receipts* hath also left,
VWhich many Soule-sicke Patients heald,
Since from the world he was bereft.

And to his honour this beside,
A blessed *Witness* hath declar'd,
That constant he did still abide,

VWhen

When others from the Truth were star'd:
 For which, the glorie, LORD, be thine;
 For of thy Grace those gifts I haue,
 And thou his Actions didst incline,
 Our profit, and his good to be.

By his example therefore, LORD,
 Uphold vs, that we fall not from
 The true profession of thy Word,
 Nor by this world be overcome;
 And let his wholesome Doctrine heale
 That leprous sickness of the Soule,
 VVhich more & more would on her scale
 And make her languish and grow soule.

Simon and Iude, Apostles.

SONG. LXXVIII.

NO outward marke we haue to know,
 VVho thine, oh Christ, may be,
 Vntill a Christian Love doth show,
 VVho appertaines to Thee:
 For Knowledge may be reach'd unto
 And formall Justice gain'd;
 But still each other loue we do,
 Both Faith and Workes are faign'd.

Love is the sum of those commands,
 VVhich thou with thine dost leaue;
 And for a marke on them it stands,
 VVhich neuer can deceaue:
 For, when our Knowledge folly turnes,
 VVhen Shewes no shew retaine,
 And Zeale it selfe to nothing burnes,
 Then Love shall still remaine.

By this were thy Apostles knit,
 And ioyned so in one,
 Their Trut-love-knots could neuer yet
 Be broken, nor undone.
 Oh let vs, LORD, receiued be
 Into that Sacred Knot,
 And One become with Them and Thee,
 That sin vndoe vs not:

Yea, left when we thy Grace possesse,
 VVe fall againe away,
 Or turne it into wantonnesse,
 Assist thou vs, we pray:
 And, that we may the better find,
 VVhat heed there should be learn'd,
 Let vs the fall of Angels mind,
 As blessed Iude hath warn'd.

All Saints Day.

SONG. LXXIX.

NO Blisse can so contenting proue,
 As vniuersall Love to gaine,

Could we, with full requiting Love;
 All mens affection entertaine:
 But such a Love the heart of man,
 Nor well containe, nor merit can,

For, though to all we might be deare,
 (which cannot in this life befall)
 VVe discontented should appeare,
 Because we had not hearts for all;
 That we might all men loue, as we
 Beloued would of all men be.

For, Love in loving ioyes as much,
 As Love for louing to obtaine;
 Yea, Love vnfaide is likewise such,
 It cannot part it selfe in twaine:
 The Rivals friendship sworne is gone,
 And Love diuided, loueth none.

VVhich causeth that with Passions pain'd,
 So many men on Earth we see;
 And had not Gods meanes ordain'd,
 This discontent in Heau'n would be:
 For, all the Saints would iealous proue,
 Of Gods, and of each others Love.

But he, whose wisdom hath contrin'd,
 His Glory, with their full Content,
 Hath from himselfe to them desin'd
 This fauour (which that strife presents)
 One Bodie all his Saints he makes,
 And for his Spouse this One he takes.

So, each one of them shall obtaine
 Full Love from All, returning too
 Full Love to all of them againe,
 As members of one Bodie do:
 None iealous, but all striving how
 Most Love to others to allow.

For, as the Soule is All-in-All,
 And All through enery member too;
 Love in that Bodie Mystical
 Is as the Soule, and fills it so;
 VVniting them to God as one,
 As to each other they are deare:

Yea, what they want to entertaine
 Such overflowing Love as his,
 He will supply, and likewise daigne
 VVhat for his full Delight they misse,
 That he may all his Love employ,
 And they returne his fill of Ioy.

The Seed of this Content was sowne,
 VVhen God the spacious world did frame,
 And ever since the same hath growne,
 To be an honour to his Name;
 And when his Saints are seel'd all,
 This Mytery vnseal'd he shall.

re. Meant

10
Meane while (as we in *Landscape* view
Fields, Rivers, Citties, *V*oods & Seas,
And (though but little they can thew)
Do therewithall our fancies please,
Let *Contemplation* map contriue,
To thew vs where we shall arise.

11
And though our hearts too shallow be,
That blest *Communion* to containe,
Of which we shall in *Heav'n* be free,
Let vs on Earth together cleave:
For, those who keep in *union* here,
Shall know by faith what will be there.

12
VWhere all those *Angels* we admit,
VWith every *Saint*, since time begun,
(VWhose sight and love we haue ac'rd)
Shall be with vs coniuynd in *One*:
And *We* and *They*, and *Thou* and *We*,
To God himselfe epoused be.

13
Oh happy wedding! where the *Guests*,
The *Bride* and *Bridegrooms* shall be *Ours*:
Where *Songs*, *Embraces*, *Triumphs*, *Feasts*,
And *Teyes of Love* are neuer done:
But, thrice accurs'd are those that misse
Their *Carmens* when this *Wedding* is.

14
Sweet *Jesus*, seal'd and clad therefore
For that great meeting let vs be,
(VWhere *Prep're Tongues*, & *Kisses*, more
Then can be told, attend on Thee)
To make those thouts of *Ioy* and *Praise*,
Which to thine honour they shall raise.

Rogation Weeke.

SONG. LXXX.

IT was thy pleasure, LORD, to say,
That whatsoever in thy *Name*
We pray'd for, as we ought to pray,
Thou wouldest vouchsafe to grāt the same.

Oh, therefore we beseech thee now,
To these our prayers, which we make,
Thy gracious *Eare* in fauour bow,
And grant them for thy mercies sake.

2
Let not the *Seasons* of this year,
(As they their *Courses* do obserue)
Engender those *Contagions* here,
Which our transgressions do deserue:

Let not the *Summer-Weemes* impair
Those bloomings of the Earth we see,
Nor *Blasting*, or distemper'd *Aire*
Destroy those *Fruits* that hopeful be.

3
Domesticke brawles expell thou far,
And be thou pleas'd our *Cast* to guard,

The dreadfull sounds of in-brought *War*,
Within our *Confin*es be not heard:
Continue also here thy *Word*,
And make vs thankfull (we thee pray)
The *Pestilence*, *Deareth*, and the *Sword*
Haue been so long with held away.

4
And, as we heedfully observe
The certaine *Limits* of our *Grounds*,
And outward *Quiet* to preserve,
About them walke our *yeerely* *Rounds*:
So let vs also haue a care,
Our *Soules* possessions, LORD, to know,
That no *Encroachments* on vs there,
Be gain'd by our subtilty *Foe*.

5
What pleasant *groves*, what goodly *fields*!
How fruitfull *Hills*, and *Dales* haue we!
How sweet: an *Aire* our *Climate* yeelds!
How stor'd with *Flocks*, & *herds* are we!
How *Milke*, and *Honey* doth o'reflow!
How cleare & wholesome are our *Springs*!
How safe from rauenous *Beasts* we go!
And oh, how free from *Poys* from things!

6
For these, and for our *Grasse*, our *Corn*,
For all that springs from *Blade*, or *Sough*,
For all those blessings that adorne
Or *Wood*, or *Field*, this *Kingdome* through:
For all of these, thy praise we sing,
And humbly (LORD) entreat thee too,
That *Fruit* to thee we forth may bring,
As vnto vs thy *Creatures* do.

7
So, in the sweet refreshing shade
Of thy *Protection* sitting downe,
Thou' gracious *Fauours* we haue had,
Relate we will to thy renowne;
Yea, other men, when we are gone,
Shall for thy *Mercies* honour Thee,
And famous make what thou hast done,
To such as after them shall be.

Saint George's Day.

SONG. LXXXI.

ALL praise and glorie that we may,
Ascribe we, LORD, to Thee,
From whom the triumphs of this *Day*,
And all our glories be:
For of it *Selle*, nor *Ea*, nor *West*,
Doth Honour ebbe or flow:
But as to Thee it seemeth best,
Preferences to bestow.

2
Thou art, oh *Christ*, that valiant *Knights*,
VWhose *Order* we profess,
And that *Saint George*, who oft doth fight
For *England* in distress:

The

The *Dragon* thou overthrow'st it is He,
That would thy Church deuoure,
And that faire Lady (LORD) is she,
Thou sauest from his power.

Then like a *Husbandman* prepar'd
Our Fields, yea sowne them hast;
And, *Knight* like with a warlike Guard,
From spoile enclos'd them fast.
Oh daigne, that those, who in a *Band*
More strict then heretofore,
Are for this *Vineyard* bound to stand,
May watch it now the more :

Yes grant, since they elected are,
New Orders to put on,
And Sacred *Hieroglyphicks* weare
Of thy great Conquest won,
That those (when they forget) may tell,
Why such of them are worne,
And inwardly informe as well,
As outwardly adorne :

That so their *Christian-Knight*hood may
No *Pagan-Order* seeme;
Nor they, their Meetings passe away,
As things of vaine esteeme;
And, that we may our triumphs all
To thy renowne apply,
VWho art that *Saint*, on whom we call,
VWhen we *Saint George* doe cry.

For publike Deliuerances.

SONG. LXXXII.

With *Isa* we may truly say,
If on our side GOD had not been,
Our *Foe* had made of vs their pray,
And wethis *Light* had neuer seene;
The *Pit* was digg'd, the share was laid,
And we with ease had been betray'd.

But, they that hate vs vadertooke
A *Plot* they could not bring to passe;
For, he that all doth ouerlook,
Preuented what intended was :
VVe found the *Pit*, and scap'd the *Gin*,
And saw their *Makers* caught therein.

The meanes of helpe was not our owne,
But from the LORD alone it came;
(A fauour vnderferd shewne)
And therefore let vs praise his Name :
Oh, praise his Name; for it was He,
That broke the *Net*, and set vs free.

Vato his honour let vs sing,
And Stories of his Mercie tell;
VWith praises let our *Tumblers* ring,

And on our Lips thanksgiving dwell :
Yea, let vs not his loue forget,
VWhile *Sunne*, or *Moon* doth rise or set.

Let vs redeeme againe the Times,
Let vs begin to liue anew,
And not reuiue those hainous Crimes,
That dangers past so nere vs drew;
Left he that did his hand reuoke,
Returne it with a double stroke.

A true Repentance takes delight
To mind GOD's Favours heretofore :
So, when his Mercies men recite,
It makes a true Repentance more;
And where those vertues doe encrease,
They are the certaine signes of Peace.

But where encreasing *Sinnes* we see,
And to such dalsesse men are growne,
That slighted those *Protections* be,
VWhich GOD in former time hath shewing,
It shall betoken to that Land
Some Desolation neere at hand.

Our hearts, oh, neuer harden so,
Nor let thine Anger so returne;
But with desire thy will to do,
For our offences let vs mourne :
And mind to praise (e'n'teares among)
Thy Mercies in a ioyfull song.

For the Communion.

SONG. LXXXIII.

That Fauour, LORD, which of thy Grace
VVe do receiue to day,
Is greater then our Merit was,
And more then praise we may :
For, of all things that can be told,
That which least comfort hath
Is more, then e're deserue we could,
Except it were thy *Wrath*.

Yet we, not only haue obtain'd
This worlds best gifts of thee;
But thou thy *Flesh* hast also daign'd,
Our Food of *Life* to be :
For which, since we no meane can make,
(And thou requir'st no more)
The Cup of *sauiing health* we take,
And praise thy Name therefore.

Oh teach vs rightly to receiue,
VWhat thou dost here bestow;
And learne vs truly to conceiue,
VWhat we are bound to know,
That such as cannot waite the deops
Of thy *unction'd Word*,

May

May by thy Grace, safe courses keepe
Along the shallow *Ford*.

⁴
This *Mysterie*, we must confesse,
Our reach doth far exceed;
And some of our weak Faiths are lesse
Then *Graignes of Mustard seed*:
Oh therefore, *LORD*, increase it so,
VVe Fruit may beare to Thee,
And that *Impious* Faith may grow,
Explicit Faith to be.

⁵
VWith hands we see not, as with *Eyes*,
Eyes thinke not as the *Hear*:
But each retaines what doth suffice,
To act his proper part:
And in the *Sou* while it bides,
The meanest Member shares
That blisse, which to the best betides,
And as the same it fares:

⁶
So, if in *union* vnto thee
Vnited we remaine,
The Faith of those that stronger be,
The weaker shall sustaine:
Our Christian *Loue* shall that supply,
VWhich we in *Knowledge* misse,
And humble thoughts shall mount vs hie,
Eu'a to *Eternall* blisse.

⁷
Oh pardon all those heinous crimes,
VWhereof we guiltie are;
To serue thee more in future times,
Our hearts do thou prepare;
And make thou gracious in thy sight,
Both Vs, and this we do,
That thou therein maist take delight,
And we haue loue thereto.

⁸
No new *Oblation* we deuise,
For sins prefer'd to be;
Propitiatorie Sacrifice
VWas made at full by Thee:
The Sacrifice of *Thankes* is that,
And all that thou dost craue;
And we our selues are part of what
VVe sacrificed haue.

⁹
VVe do no grosse *Realities*
Of *Flesh* in this conceiue;
Or, that their proper qualities
The *Bread* or *Wine* do leaue:
Yet, in this holy *Eucharist*,
VVe (by a meanes Diuine)
Know we are fed with thee, oh *Christ*,
Receiuing *Bread* and *Wine*.

¹⁰
And though the outward *Elements*
For signes acknowledg'd be,
VVe cannot say thy *Sacraments*,

Things only signall be:
Because, who e're thereof partake,
In those this powre it hath;
It either them thy Members make,
Or Slaues of *Sinne* and *Death*.

¹¹
Nor vnto these do we incline,
(But from them are estrang'd)
Who yeeld the forme of *Bread* and *Wine*,
Yet thinke the *Substance* chang'd:
For we beleeue each Element
Is what it seemes indeed,
Although that in thy *Sacraments*,
Therewith on thee we feed.

¹²
Thy *Real Presence* we know,
And know it so Diuine,
That carnall *Reason* knowes not how,
That *Presence* to define:
For, when thy *Flesh* we feed on thus,
(Though strange it do appeare)
Both *We* in *Thee*, and *Thou* in *Us*,
Eu'a at one instant are.

¹³
No manuaile many troubled were,
This Secret to unfold;
For *Mysterie* Faiths objects are,
Not things at pleasure told.
And he that would by *Reason* sound,
VWhat Faiths deepe reach conceiue,
May both himselfe and them confound,
To whom his Rules he leaues.

¹⁴
Let vs therefore our Faith rect,
On what thy *Word* doth say,
And hold their knowledge in suspect,
That new Foundations lay:
For, such full many a grievous *Reu*
VWithin thy *Church* haue left;
And by thy peacefull *Sacrament*,
The world of *Peace* bereit:

¹⁵
Yea, what thy pledge and seale of *Loue*
VWas first ordain'd to be,
Doth great and hatefull Quarrels moue,
VWhere wrangling Spirits be:
And many men haue lost their blood,
(VWho did thy *Name* profess)
Because they hardly vnderstood
VWhat others would expresse.

¹⁶
Oh, let vs not hereafter so,
About meeke *Words* contend,
The while our craftie common Foe,
Procures on vs his end:
But if in *Essence* we agree,
Let all with *Loue* assy,
A helpe vnto the weak to be,
And for each other pray.

27
Lane is that blessed Cymment, LORD,
 VVhich must vs re-voite;
 In bitter speeches, fire and sword,
 It neuer tooke delight:
 The Weapons those of *Malice* are,
 And they themselves beguile,
 VVho dreame, that such ordained were
 Thy Church to reconcile.

28
Lane brought vs hither, and that *Lane*
 Perswades vs to implore,
 That thou all Christians hearts would'st
 To seeke it more and more; (impac,
 And that *Selfe* will no more bewitch
 Our minds with foule debate;
 Nor fill vs with that malice, which
 Disturbs a quiet state:

29
 But this especially we craue,
 That perfect Peace may be
 Among those that disagreed haue,
 In show of loue to thee;
 That they with *vs*, and we with *Thee*,
 May Christian Peace retaine,
 And both in New *Ierusalem*
 VVith thee for euer raigne.

30
 No longer let *Ambitious Ends*,
 Blinde Zeale, or cankred Spight,
 Those Churches keepe from being Friends,
 VVhom *Lane* should fast vniite:
 But let thy Glorie shine among
 Those *Candlesticks*, we pray,
 VVe may behold what hath so long
 Exil'd thy Peace away:

31
 That those, who (heeding not thy Word)
 Expect an Earthly Power,
 And vainly thinke, some Temp'ral sword
 Shall *Antichrist* deuoure;
 That those may know, thy Weapons are
 No such, as they do faine,
 And that it is no Carnall warre,
 VVhich we must entertaine.

32
 Confessors, Martyrs, Preachers strike
 The Blomes, that gaine this Field:
 Thsukes, Prayers, Infratious, and the like,
 Those Weapons are they weild:
 Long suffering, Patience, Prudent-care,
 Must be the Courts of Guard;
 And Faith and Innocencie, are
 Instead of Walls prepar'd.

33
 For these (no question) may as well
 Great Babel overthrow,
 As Ierichs large Bulwarkes fell,
 VVhen men did Rams-horns blow:
 VVhich could we credit, we should cease

All bloody Plots to lay,
 And to suppose, Gods holy Peace
 Should come the Devils way.

34
 LORD, let that Flesh, and Blood of thine,
 VVhich fed vs hath to day,
 Our hearts to thy True loue incline,
 And drive ill thoughts away:
 Let vs remember what thou hast
 For our meere loue endur'd;
 Eu'n, when of vs despis'd thou wast,
 And we thy death procur'd:

35
 And with each other, for thy sake,
 So truly let vs beere,
 Our patience may vs deayer make,
 VVhen reconcil'd we are:
 So, when our courses finish'd be,
 VVe shall ascend above
Sunne, Moone, & Starres, to line with Thee,
 That art the God of *Lane*.

Ember-weeke.

SONG. LXXXIV.

THou dost from eu'ry Season, LORD,
 To profit vs; aduantage take,
 And at their fittest Times afford
 Thy Blessings for thy Mercie sake:
 At Winter, Summer, Fall, or Spring,
 VVe turnish'd are of eu'ry thing.

2
 A part therefore from each of these,
 VVith one consent refus'd haue we,
 In Prayer and Fasting to appeale
 That wrath our sins haue mou'd in thee,
 And that thou may'st not for our crimes,
 Destroy the blessings of the Times.

3
 Oh grant, that our *Devotions* may
 VVith true sinceritess be perform'd,
 And that our lines, not for a day,
 But may for euer be reform'd:
 Lest we remaine as fast in sin,
 As if we ne're had Fasting bin.

4
 Our Constitutions temper so,
 Those Humours which this Season raine,
 May not haue powre to overthrow
 That health, which yet we do retaine:
 Else, through that weaknesse w it brings,
 LORD, make vs strong in better things.

5
 And, since thy holy Church appoints
 These Times, thy Workmen loath to send,
 And those for Pastors now anoints,
 VVho on thy Fold are to attend:
 Bless thou, where they (who should ordain)
 VVith Prayer and Fasting hands haue laine,

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Oh, bleſſe them, ever-bleſſed LORD,
VVho for thy work the Church doth choſe,
Inſtruct them by thy Sacred Word,
And with thy Spirit them infuſe,
That live, and teach aright they may,
And we their teaching well obſey.

*Theſe that follow are Thankſgivingſ
for publike Benefites.*

For ſeaſonable weather.

SONG. LXXXV.

LORD, ſhould the Sun, the Clouds, the wind,
The Ayre, and ſeaſons be
To vs ſo froward, and unkind,
As we are falſe to Thee;
All Fruits would quite away be burn'd,
Or lye in Water drown'd,
Or blaſted be, or overturn'd,
Or chilled on the ground.

But, from our dutie though we ſwarue,
Thou ſtill doſt mercie ſhow,
And daigne thy Creatures to preferue,
That men might thankfull grow;
Yea, though from day to day we ſin,
And thy diſpleaſure gaine,
No ſooner we to cry begin,
But pittie we obtaine.

The Weather now thou changed haſt,
That put vs late to feare,
And when our hopes were almoſt paſt,
Then comfort did appeare.
The heau'n the earths complaints hath heard,
They reconciled be;
And thou ſuch weather haſt prepar'd,
As we deſir'd of thee.

For which, with liſted hands and eyes,
To thee we do repay
The due, and willing Sacrifice
Of giuing Thanks to day;
Becauſe ſuch Offerings, we ſhould not
To render thee be ſlow;
Nor let that mercie be forgot,
VVhich thou art pleas'd to ſhow.

For Plentie.

SONG. LXXXVI.

How oft, and by how many crimes,
Thee Iealouſe haue we made?
And, bleſſed GOD, how many times
Haue we forgiueneſſe had?

If we with teares to bed at night
For our tranſgreſſions goe,
To vs thou doſt, by morning light,
Some comfort daigne to ſhow.

This pleaſant Land, which for our ſin
VVas lately barren made,
Har fruitfullneſſe doth ntw begin,
And we are therefore glad;
VVe for thoſe Creatures thankfull be,
VVhich thou beſtoweſt, LORD,
And for that Plentie honour Thee,
VVhich thou doſt now afford.

Oh let vs therewith in exceſſe
Not wallow like to Swine;
Nor into graceleſſe wantonneſſe
Conuert this Grace of thine;
But ſo reuiue our feebled powres,
And ſo reſreth the Poore,
That thou mayſt crown this Land of oure,
VVith plenties euermore.

For Peace.

SONG. LXXXVII.

SO cauſe vs, LORD, to thinke vpon
Thoſe bleſſings we poſſeſſe,
That what is for our ſafety done,
VVe truly may confeſſe:
For we, whoſe Fields, in time forepaſt,
Moſt bloody war did ſtaine,
(Whilſt Fire, & Sword doth others waſt)
In ſafety now remaine.

No armed troopes the Ploughman feares;
No ſhot our Walls o'returne;
No Tempeſt ſhakes about our Eares;
No Vnliage here doth burne;
No Father heares his prettie Child
In vaine for ſuccour cry;
Nor Husband ſees his Wiſe deſil'd,
VVhil'it he halfe dead doth lie.

Deare GOD, vouchſafe to pittie thoſe,
In this diſtreſſe that be,
They, to protect them from their Foes,
May haue a Friend of Thee:
For by thy Friendſhip we obtaine
Theſe gladſome peacefull daies,
And (ſomewhat to returne againe)
VVe thus do ſing thy praile.

VVe praile thee for that inward Peace,
And for that outward Reſt,
VVherewith vnto our Loyes increaſe,
This Kingdome thou haſt bleſt:
Oh, neuer take the ſame away,
But let it ſtill endure;

And

12 Song. LXXXVIII. LXXXIX. XC.

And grant (oh LORD) it make vs may
More thankfull, not Secure.

For Victorie.

SONG. LXXXVIII.

WE loue thee, Lord, we praise thy Name
VWho, by thy great Almighty arme,
Hast kept vs from the spoile, and shame
Of those, that sought our causelesse harme.
Thou art our Life, our *Triumph-Song*,
The Joy and Comfort of our heart;
To thee all praises do belong,
And thou the LORD of *Armies* art.

VVe must confesse it is thy powre,
That made vs *Masters* of the Field;
Thou art our *Bulwarke* and our *Towre*,
Our *Rock* of refuge, & our *Shield*: (fight)
Thou taught'st our hands and armes to
VWith vigour thou did'st gird vs round;
Thou mad'st our Foes to take their flight,
And thou did'st beate them to the ground.

VWith furie came our armed Foes,
To bloud and slaughter fiercely bent,
And perils round did vs inclose,
By whatsoeuer way we went;
That had'st not thou our *Captaine* been,
(To leade vs on, and off againe)
VVe on the place had dead bin scene,
Or mask'd in bloud and wounds had lain.

This Song we therefore sing to Thee,
And pray, that thou for evermore
VWould'st our Protector daigne to be,
As at this time, and heretofore;
That thy continual fauour shewne,
May cause vs more to Thee encline,
And make it through the world be known
That such as are our Foes, are thine.

For deliuerance from a publike
Sicknesse.

SONG. LXXXIX.

WHen thou wold'st, Lord, afflict a Land
Or scourge thy People that offend,
To put in practice thy Command,
Thy Creatures all on thee attend;
And thou, to execute thy Word,
Hast *Famine*, *Sicknesse*, *Fire*, and *Sword*.

And here among vs, for our sin,
A sore *Dissease* hath lately rain'd,
VWhose furie so vniustid hath bin,
It could by nothing be restrain'd;
But overthrow both weak and strong,
And tooke away both old and young.

To thee our cries we therefore send,
Thy wanted pittie, LORD, to preece;
Our wicked waies we did repent,
Thy *Visitation* to remoue;
And thou thine *Angel* did'st command,
To stay his wrath-inflicting hand.

For which thy loue, in thankfull wise,
Both hearts and hands to thee we raise,
And in the stead of former cries,
Do sing thee now a Song of Praise;
By whom the fauour yet we haue,
To scape the neuer-filled *Graue*.

For the Kings day.

SONG. XC.

WHen, Lord, we cal to mind those things
That should be sought of Thee,
Remembering that the hearts of Kings
At thy disposing be,
And how of all those blessings, which
Are outwardly possell,
To make a *Kingdome* safe and rich,
Good *Printers* are the best;

VVe thus are mou'd to sing thy praise,
For Him thou daign'd hast,
And humbly beg, that all our daies
Thy care of vs may last.
Oh, blesse our King, and let him raigne,
In peacefull quiet long,
The *Faithful* *Defender* to remaine,
And shield the Truth from wrong.

VWith awfull *Lowe*, and louing *Dread*,
Let vs obserue him, LORD,
And, as the *Members* with their *Head*,
In Christian peace accord;
And fill him with such royall care,
To cherish vs for this;
As if his heart did feele we are
Some liuing parts of his.

Let neither *Partis* struggle from
That dutie should be shewne,
Lest each to other plagues become,
And both be ouerthrowne;
For e're a disobedient Land
Thou dost a *Tyrant* set;
And those, that *Tyrant-like* command,
Haue still with *Rebels* met.

Oh, neuer let so sad a doome
Vpon these *Kingdomes* fall;
And to assure it may not come,
Our sins forgive vs all:
Yea, let the *Partis* innocent

Some

Some damage rather share,
Than, by unchristian discontent,
A double Carse to beare.

Make vs (that placed are below,
Our callings to apply)
Not ouer carious be to know,
VWhat he intends on high:
But, teach him iustly to command,
Vs rightly to obey:
So, both shall safe together stand,
And doubts shall fly away.

When hearts of Kings we pry into,
Our owne we do beguile,

And what we ought our selues to do,
VVe leane yndone the while:
VWhereas, if each man would attend
The way he hath to liue,
And all the rest to thee commend,
Then all should better thrive.

Oh, make vs, LORD, disposed thus,
And our dread Soueraigne iustice,
Blesse vs in him, and him in vs,
VVe both may blessings haue:
That many yeeres for him we may
This Song deuoutly sing,
And make it for a happy Day,
VVhen he becom our KING.

*Here endeth the Hymnes, and Songs
of the Church.*

The Authors Hymne.

Great Almighty, GOD of Heav'n,
Honor, Praise, and Glorie be
Now, and still hereafter given,
For thy blessings dailie me :

*Who hast granted and prepared,
More than can be well declared.*

By thy Mercie thou didst raise me,
From below the Pits of Clay,
Thou hast taught my lips to praise thee,
Where thy love comfesse I may :
And those blessed hopes dost leave me,
Whereof no man can bereave me.

By thy Grace, those passions, troubles,
And those wants that me oppress,
Have appear'd as water-bubbles,
Or as dreames, and things in less:
For thy (leave) still attending)
I with pleasure saw their ending.

Those afflictions, and those terrors,
Which to others seem appeare,
Did but show me where my errors,
And my imperfections were :
But distrustfull could not make me
Of thy love, nor fright, nor shake me.

Therefore, as thy blessed Psalmist,
When he saw his wars had end,
(And his dayes were as the calmest)
Psalmes and Hymnes of prayser send :
So, my rest by thee enjoyed,
To thy praise I have employed.

Yes, remembering what I vow'd,
When easur'd from all but thee,
I thy presence was allow'd,
While the world neglected me :
Thy Muse hath took upon her,
That she might advance thine honour.

LORD, accept my poore endeavour,
And assist thy Servants so,
In good Studies to persevere,
That more fruitfull he may grow :
And become thereby the meeker,
Not his owne vaine-Glorie seeker.

Grant my frailties and my follies,
(And those daily Sins I doe)
May not make this Worke unholie,
Nor a blemish bring thereto :
But let all my faults committed,
With compassion be remitted.

Those base hopes that would possesse me,
And, those thoughts of vaine repaire,
Which do now and then oppress me,

Do not, LORD, to me impart :
And, though part they will not from me,
Let them never overcome me.

Till this present, from objections,
Thou, oh LORD, hast kept my Pen,
And my Verse abhor'd objections,
Though it wate were, now, and then :
My loose thoughts it we're enflam'd :
But, I thereby them have tamed.

Still with hold me from delighting
That, which thing may mis-become,
And from eu'ie kind of Writing,
Whereby this may lose its name,
That I may with Faith and Reason,
En'ire future Volume season.

Oh, preserve me from committing
Aught that's basely amiss :
From all speeches him unfixing,
That hath been empty'd on this :
Yea, as much as may be dailie,
Keep my verie Thoughts possess'd.

That these Helpers unto Devotion,
May no scandal be at all,
LORD, I make to thee this motion,
For their sake that use them shall :
Of the world I am not fearfull,
Nor of mine owne Glorie carefull.

Whist thy favours thou dost dailie me,
I despise the world's respect,
And will comfort entertain me,
When I suffer most neglect :
Yea, I then am best rewarded,
When I seeme the least regarded.

For (oh) when I mind my Saviour,
And how many a flightfull tongue,
Slav'd his most pure behaviour,
And his pioust workes did wrong :
I contented am, and care not,
Though my Life, Detraction share not.

Therefore, when that I shall blame
Or with canker canst be,
So thy Truth be not defamed,
Fall what can befall on me :
Let my Fame of mine be blunted,
So thy Saints be not offended.

That is most my feare (oh Father)
Thy assistance therefore lend :
And, oh let me perish, rather
Then thy Little ones offend :
Let my Life some honour do shed,
Or by Death return me to thee.

For,

The Authors Hymne.

For, thy praise I wish, and love it,
And (oh) let my end be shame,
If for mine owne sake, I count
Eiher Life, or Death, or Paine:
So is may be to thy Glorie,
Let Devallion write my storie.

But to thee which way anailing,
Can my shame or honour be?
Truth shall ever be prevailing,
VVhatsoever is thought of me:
Thou knowest lookest through my folly,
Nor gainst ought by the worst hely.

And I know, that who steare
Hath thy Glorie in esteeme,
VVill accept this good endeavour,
VVhatsoever the Workman seeme,
Let (oh therefore) be fulfilled,
That which thou (oh LORD) hast willed.

And when I wish Israels Singer,
To these Songs of Faith shall learne
Thy Ten Stringed Law to singe,
And that Musicks to asserne:
Lest me to that Angel Quire,
VVheremas thy Saints aspire.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

That such as have skill and are delighted with Musick, may have the more variety, as for
up the soone clayed affections, these Hymnes are fitted with many new Tunes: Never-
theless, all (but some few of them) may be sung to such Tunes as have beene heretofore in
use: For the benefit therefore of those who have no experience in Musick, I have here set
downe which Songs they be, and to what old Tunes they may be sung.

To the Tune of the 1. 2. 3. and of an hundred other Psalmes may be sung, Song the 3. 2. 8.
32. 33. 35. 38. 43. 53. 57. 58. 67. 69. 72. 78. 81. 83. 85. 86. 87. 90.

To the Tune of the 51. 100. 125. Psalmes, & the ten Commandments, &c. may be sung,
Song the 5. 6. 8. 11. 12. 17. 28. 34. 41. 44. 48. 51. 52. 56. 60. 61. 64. 65. 66. 68. 70. 73. 76.
77. 80. 88.

To the Tune of the 112. 127. Psalmes, and the Lords Prayer, &c. may be sung, Song the
7. 40. 41. 45. 49. 50. 54. 59. 62. 71. 74. 75. 79. 82. 84. 89.

To the Tune of the 113. Psalm may be sung, Song the 9. 10. 17.

To the Tune of the 125. Psalm may be sung, Song the 10.

To the Tune of the 124. Psalm may be sung, Song the 47.

FINIS.